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Farm, Garden and Household.

Home Made Meats.

At the recent meeting of the New England Agricultural Club, a paper treating of the sources of animal food, by Geo. T. Angell, was read.

Four general propositions were laid down as the basis of the discourse, viz: That our Eastern markets in both cities and towns are largely supplied with the meats of animals brought long distances—that a large portion of these meats are taken from animals more or less diseased, and some from animals that have died of disease—that the eating of these meats produces disease in those who eat them, and that it is impossible to detect these meats after they have been dressed. In support of these several propositions the lecturer gave at length an account of the manner in which cattle are transported from Texas and the western territories to the Atlantic States, crowded into cars, and so jammed, bruised, torn and deprived of food and drink, that a large percentage of dead animals are taken from the cars when they have reached their destination, and that many of these animals are dressed to save them from a speedy death by disease or exhaustion. The loss by shrinkage on animals transported from Chicago to New York is from eighty to one hundred and fifty pounds each, and this loss takes from the bodies of even healthy animals the very best and most nutritious portions, the juices which give to meat its greatest value as human food. Lengthy statements from reports of Boards of Health in the different cities, from eminent physicians and scientific men were quoted, to show that this treatment of animals in transit causes a large proportion of the meats to become unfit for food, that meats thus diseased can not be detected when dressed, from healthy meat, and that in our cities, the spread of obstinate and fatal diseases is alarmingly on the increase, a large proportion of which cases are caused by the consumption of diseased meats. Some of these statements taken from reliable sources were truly astonishing, and their recital produced a feeling of positive repulsion in the mind.

The next point considered was the proper killing of healthy animals for food. It seems to be well established that all cruelties and needless pain inflicted upon animals, affect the quality of the meat; and many interesting experiments were cited, going to prove this statement. And to show that there was great need of reform in this particular, a detailed account of the cruel and inhuman practices constantly in operation at slaughter houses and abattoirs, was given; many of which could hardly be credited, so inhuman and at the same time so needless did they appear. Second only to the importance of protecting the community from poisonous meats, is the importance of protecting children from poisonous milk; and upon this point—which is a source of much of the sickness and death of the children of large cities—the lecturer dwelt at much length. Referring next to the importance of protecting our insectivorous birds from wanton destruction, some interesting facts were given concerning the usefulness of these birds and the large number of insects destroyed by them. A woodcock will eat its own weight of insects in a single night, two sparrows will destroy over three thousand caterpillars in a week, a brood of partridges will exterminate the ants of an ant hill in a single night, and woodpeckers destroy immense numbers of insects and their eggs. The cruelties practiced on horses by the sharpers who deal in them, were next alluded to; and the lecture closed with an appeal for the humane education of the people, and for the reform so much needed in these particulars by the organization of societies in every State, city and town, whose efforts shall be directed to change the methods of the transportation of animals, to change the method of slaughtering; to improve the condition of animals which supply us with milk; to protect useful birds; to stop abuses at our cattle markets, and to diffuse information which shall contribute to a true education of the people—especially the young—upon this matter.

Keeping Scions and Grafting

Now is the time to gather scions for use the coming spring and summer. They should be tied in bunches and labelled, and then placed in a bundle or bunch of straw which has been previously slightly moistened, and the whole then put in a covered box in the cellar, taking care afterward to keep the straw nearly in the same degree of moisture as at first. Scions may be kept in this way for years in a perfect state of vitality, as has been demonstrated in the writer's own experience. The straw should never be wet enough to impart water directly to the scions, but only to surround them by a damp atmosphere, which is sufficient to prevent them from withering. The reason why the straw should be put in a covered box, rather than upon the bottom of the cellar, is that it is less liable to extreme variations in the degrees of moisture arising at times from the wetness of the bottom of the cellar, and at others from the dryness of the atmosphere prevailing therein.

The practice of laying them in the ground, or of placing the butts in the dirt of the cellar bottom, or of throwing them upon the bottom of the cellar, should never be followed, as they are liable to expand their buds, in the two first positions, in consequence of the excess of moisture imbibed, and in the latter, to become too much dried up—either of which circumstances is equally destructive to their vitality,—thus involving not only the loss of scions, but also the injury to the trees which are cut off to receive them.

They may be set at any time, from the mild days in April, to July. Those set very early do not of course, start so readily in growth as those of later insertion, but usually make quite as much or more growth as any others, having the whole season to grow in. Late grafting requires considerable care to prevent the bark of the stock from separating from the wood when the cleft is made. It this can be done, all is right; otherwise the stock must be cut off again. Upon the whole, from the 10th to the 1st of May must be considered as favorable a time as any for grafting the apple, to which fruit this article has more particular reference. If, however, it is desirable to graft young trees by cutting the tops wholly off, it should be done as early in the spring as the weather will admit, otherwise the stock will quite often die from bleeding, as it is sometimes termed, or in other words from the profuse flow of sap which finds no top to absorb or elaborate it for the future use of the roots.

It would be a matter of economy for many farmers to look around them to see if they have not some trees which can be improved in this way. Any a pie tree which is *naturally productive*, (if it is not productive by nature, it can hardly be made so by grafting,) and has thrifty limbs, no matter how poor the fruit it produces, or how old the tree, even if the trunk may have become considerably decayed, can be made to produce the *best* varieties of fruit equally as well as the *poorest*, and that too in quantities sufficiently abundant to much more than pay for the cost of grafting and subsequent care. No novice, however, should ever be employed to do this work, since he is liable and very likely to do more harm than good. Success depends almost wholly upon the good judgment of the operative, in the formation of the top of the tree and his skill in keeping his scions and in setting them, and his experience in using the proper varieties of scions for particular trees.

Besides the old orchards, there are usually more or less young trees scattered over the farms, which have sprung up of themselves, many of which are producing nothing but cider apples,—all of such should be improved by grafting. Many of the young trees which have been introduced upon our farms by agents from the various nurseries, are worthless, so far as the quality of their fruit is concerned. These should be regrafted. By bestowing some attention upon such matters, the productive value and profits of a farm may be sometimes largely augmented at a comparatively trifling outlay. [New England Farmer.

Extensive Farming.

A California paper has the following in respect to the coming grain crop in that state—

If we should have a respite of two or three weeks from the rain-storm, the largest area of grain would be seeded down this season ever known to the State. Farmers have thus far worked under some difficulties from being compelled to discontinue ploughing at a time when it ought to be performed. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, there is a general disposition to preserve and overcome the vicissitudes of weather, as far as it is possible for such a thing to be done. The Celusa Sun states that Mr. H. G. Glenn, of that county, will this year put in 40,000 acres of wheat, and it speculates upon the probable result of such an enterprise, as follows:

At twenty-five bushels per acre—which is not a high estimate for the prospect of the present season—the yield will be 1,000,000 bushels, or 60,000,000 pounds. At 157 pounds to the sack, it will require 430,000 sacks. At 300 tons per bargeload, on the Sacramento River, it will take one steamer two years to deliver it in San Francisco, allowing one trip per week, and will take twenty ships, of 1,300 tons each, to deliver it in England. But the most important calculation still remains to be made, especially to Mr. Glenn, and that is, the calculation of the net profit accruing from the 1,000,000 that it will bring him on the ranch, at $1 per bushel.

EARLY POTATOES. A potato grower in Bridgewater, Mass., says he has not missed but once in twenty years of having new potatoes on the Fourth of July. His seed potatoes are brought from the cellar early in March, and kept in a warm room where they wither and dry up considerably, but when planted in April, they will come up as soon as corn or peas, while potatoes which have remained in the cellar, are often several weeks in coming up, and look small and weak compared with those from his prepared seed.

An Augusta despatch says there is a rumor in circulation that parties in Lewiston are negotiating for the purchase of the Sprague property in the former city. The property is valued at over $1,000,000, and embraces one of the best water powers in the State, with a new and substantial dam which cost nearly $150,000. The parties in question are Boston capitalists constituting the Bates corporation of Lewiston.

Profitable Potato Growing.

Knowing that there were, in the western part of Norfolk County, Mass., a few farmers who had been signally successful with the potato as a staple crop for several years past, we made inquiry of them as to their methods of growing and marketing this indispensable esculent.

Mr. Amos P. Woodward, of Franklin, has for several years raised annually about a thousand bushels of marketable potatoes, mostly of the Early Rose variety, with which he has been highly successful. He informs us that he attributes his success principally to high manuring, and to a suitable soil. He thinks his soil is peculiarly adapted to the potato, being rather light and sandy. Thinks a warm soil much better for the early varieties than a cold clay; besides it is safer to crowd such land with fertilizers, than if it were cold and heavy. He has used large quantities of barn yard manure, ploughed in, and puts guano and plaster in the hill. Believes plaster is very vainable to use in connection with guano or other nitrogenous manures for holding the ammonia till it can be taken up by the growing crop. His practice was to crowd the crop forward for the earliest market, and during the early part of July his team might be seen daily, hauling the crop to stores and market places in all the adjoining villages. He informed us that, one year, he did not take off a single load without hearing some one make the remark that "this is the handsomest load of potatoes I ever saw." We are sorry to learn that circumstances over which he could have no control have made it necessary for him to give up the large run of trade he had acquired.

Mr. George S. Hancock, in the adjoining town of Wrentham, has also been very successful in this branch of farming, and in reply to our inquiry, sends us the following reply: "To prepare for a crop of potatoes, I turn over in July, a piece of green sward, after taking off a crop of hay. Then apply a liberal dressing of barn yard manure, which is worked thoroughly into the soil by a pair of horses and a Share's harrow. After getting it fine, mellow and smooth, sow to Hungarian grass, which yields two or more tons of good fodder per acre. The next spring, after applying about five cords of strong, barn cellar manure made from cattle which are liberally fed on good hay and grain, the land is again ploughed, cross ploughed and harrowed till it is in the very best condition for growing a crop of potatoes, the old sward being now entirely rotten.

I make the furrows three feet apart, using the middle tooth of my horse hoe, which works like a small, bouble mould board plough, throwing the dirt both ways. In the furrows I put at the rate of 500 pounds of the best guano I can buy, and equal quantity of plaster of Paris.

My seed potatoes are selected with care, using only large, smooth tubers, and are cut several weeks previous to planting, and dusted over with plaster. One or two eyes only are allowed to a piece, and but one piece is put in a place, about eighteen to twenty-four inches apart. After the potatoes and fertilizers are in place, the horse and plough are made to do all the covering. Can cover an acre in about an hour and a half.

A reversible horse-hoe, which will turn the dirt either way, is run through the rows every ten days, or oftener, whether the potatoes are up or not, till some time in June, when the field is worked out once with hand hoes. Do not believe in raising weeds in the same field with potatoes, —one crop at a time, if well cultivated being enough. My Early Rose of the first planting are dug in July, and sold immediately, and the ground planted with fodder corn for late fall use. Corn planted in this way last year, on the 25th of July, gave me a very good paying crop, just when I most needed it. I sold my early potatoes last year at from $1.50 to $3.00 per bushel, and put the money into Western corn at sixty-five cents per bushel, which I think was far better than growing it myself."

Both Mr. Hancock and Mr. Woodward believe in changing seed frequently. Mr. Woodward is not so particular about bringing it a long distance as to get it from land of a different character from his own. As for instance, his land is sandy, and he would get his seed from farms having a preponderance of clay, while if his own soil were clayey, he would buy seed from a sandy farm. Whether this is the true explanation of the common belief that seed should be changed often, or whether it is a whim only, we are unable to decide. We have raised the Early Rose potato ever since they were first introduced, having paid one dollar for the first pound brought by mail into our town, and have used our own seed only, during the whole time, and can say that our seed is better now than at first.

We were a little disappointed, the first year or two, because we found many hills producing only small potatoes, and the vines of these hills were small, and the leaves curly, but by carefully selecting only large, smooth tubers, we have freed them from this defect. Our last crop was the best we ever raised of this variety. We believe this question of changing seed needs further experiment to settle it fully in the minds of the public. [New England Farmer.

"To Mate in Three Moves."

Crimson the heart of the sea-coal fire,
Bessie and I, in the ruddy glow,
Her mother reads, and the old grandsire
Dreams of his youth, in the "long ago."

Quiet and warmth and love in the room,
Now or never my suit to press;
Where the hyacinths shed their sweet perfume,
We play two games—one love; one chess.

Queen of the red, and queen of my heart,
When will you wear my golden ring?
Flushing her cheeks the roses start,
Slyly she murmurs, "Check to your King."

My pawns advance, press on and die;
The bishops battle in lines oblique;
My brave knights fall; but I can't tell why
My heart grows strong as my game grows weak.

Darling, answer me, lift your eyes;
Your mother sleeps, and the time approves.
Speak, sweet mouth, with glad surprise;—
"You'll be mated, sir, in three more moves."

Then let this be one—and her dimpled hand
Looks all the fairer for the plain gold ring:
In vain I rally my scattered band
As again she checks my poor lost king.

Nearer her gold-brown curls to mine,
The chess-men seem in a dark eclipse,
"Check!"—Shall I die and make no sign?
"And I steal a kiss from her ripe red lips.

"Mate!"—and her joyous eyes proclaim
Who wins in love, and who wins in chess:
And the pride of my life is the golden game,
That was lost, when I won my darling Bess.

Love in a Pullman Car.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.

Among the pleasantest things in an itinerant Bohemian life I count the perpetual meeting at most unexpected places of people whom you have known before in widely different localities. An hour ago my friend and I started for a stroll on this matchless Galveston beach. All the afternoon we had sat on the upper gallery, watching the long, low surf-crests that creeps so slowly and surely landward; all the afternoon we had listened, in the pauses of our light chattering, to the ceaseless refrain which those same white capped waves were chanting, till the beauty of the scene and the siren song tempted us down to the shore. Oh, it was lovely, sauntering thither over the oleander planted walks breathing their rich exquisite perfume, and gathering handfuls of the pink blossoms. A few carriages had come for the regular sunset drive; some German women were gathering shells; a few children with bare, dimpled feet, were wading out into the coming waves, to run back with screams of laughter when some switter billow washed up higher than the rest; and over the whole picture there rested the mellow glow reflected from the crimsoned west.

The occupants of the carriage raised their eyebrows in polite amazement as they rolled past us, for a pleasure walk was beyond their comprehension; and my friend laughed, telling me that she always knew Northern visitors because they loved to wander a pied and Texans never do.

"I'm sure they regard me as mildly insane for my long walks; but, see, this time we have companions in our madness," she continued, pointing to a pair who were standing a little distance beyond.

"Evidently a bride and groom," I asserted, for,

"Both were young and one was fair,"

and there were the usual unmistakable symptoms of recent ownership quite apparent in the air of the young man, who just then folded the lady's wrap more closely, and caught the fluttering veil till she had fastened it securely; and in the act she turned her face towards us, startling me with its familiar look.

"Isn't she beautiful?" said my friend.

I answered her absently, since I was hunting every nook in my memory for the counterpart of the fair girl before us. I was sure I had known her—but where?

An impertinent wave came hurrying up the beach, and in a moment the bride's dainty boots would have suffered, but milord clasped her swiftly, and raising her can back a few steps, coming close to us. I knew then where I had seen the happy pair, but I went very soberly towards them, only quietly saying:

"So this is what came of that journey!"

"By Jove!" ejaculated my hero in round English tones, seizing both my hands in a grip that nearly crushed them while the bride blushed, laughed, and added her graceful greeting.

Wasn't it an odd encounter? I last saw those young people at Cheyenne, in September, 1873; now they met strolling on the shore of the Gulf, and my friend asserted that we had picked up something better than shells this time, for she demanded the story at once; and I will tell it to you just as I told it to her.

On Friday, September 12, 1873—I like to be accurate—the San Francisco train stood on the track at Omaha watching the arrival, from the opposite side of the Missouri, of Eastern passengers. There were four Pullman cars attached; three were already filled or engaged by telegram, and the officials in charge were grumbling because "Boss Tweed" and his party occupied six entire sections. The "Boss" stayed closely in his compartment, for Nast had made his face so perfectly familiar to every one that he encountered more staring than he liked. His daughter, a stately dignified lady, waited the start with evident impatience while the young gentlemen—his sons and their friend—stood in a group on the platform, smoking, apparently enjoying the curious looks which were naturally levelled at them. They were bound for the Yosemite, and I have always marvelled that when once so far away from Gotham, the "Boss" didn't know enough to sail for Hong Kong and stay there; but the "marvel" is not especial to my story.

We were picking away at lunches, eating California grapes, and doing the hundred listless things one always does while merely "waiting," till the scream of the approaching "transfer train" sounded shrilly out, and we looked with interest at the new passengers. Some of them deserved our regards, others didn't but we watched them all, mentally summing up each particular case, and utterly ignoring them thereafter, or else resolving to win their friendship.

The first group comprised a man, his little inefficient, washed-out looking wife, a strong-minded nurse, and two children, destined to be our torments.

Next came a widow and her daughter; the daughter wore glasses and was a goose; the mother, only paying for a single berth, grumbled and fretted most impolitely when the other seat and berth of the section was assigned to a tall, spirited looking English girl, with whose splendid eyes and queenly ways I fell directly and deeply in love. But dear friends, don't jump at conclusions, for she isn't my heroine of the beach.

Listening to the ill-bred matron, I hardly noticed a bevy of young girls who had entered the rear door, or two dreadfully bridish brides and their spouses who had likewise claimed their places. My English beauty utterly disgusted with her *vis a-vis*, asked for a place in my section during the day, and we became so delightfully confidential in ten minutes that I learned she was from Nova Scotia; that this was the eleventh day of her journey, and that her destination was Sacramento; while the merry-faced handsome young man whom she ordered about with such supreme nonchalance was her brother.

Meantime, we heard from the rear sections peals of merry laughter, the aforesaid infants gave us peal on peal of dreadful yells, and we took dishonorable peeps in the tell-tale mirrors to watch the "spooning" of the brides. Our handsome young man roamed up and down, and finally, with a wicked mischievous face, came to his sister suggesting that she should go and watch the view from the rear end of the car. I knew his motive, so I went too; but he made nothing that time, for his sister never even glanced at the pretty girls we passed. We looked from the platform a few minutes; our hero stood twisting his mustache with vexation, till growing desperate, he remarked:

"Say, Madge! That girl with the dark eyes is stunning, isn't she? I wish you would make her acquaintance."

"Indeed! That's the view you admired, was it? Well, sir, I shall do nothing of the kind. I have no vocation for stunning girls. Come Mrs. D., let's go back.

"Evidently used to such snubbing, Tom—that wasn't his name, but we'll play it was—made a mocking salute, and retorted laughing:

"Well, madame, I'm quite equal to helping myself. You just wait till you want to know some 'stunning' fellow."

Madge only gave him a look of supreme contempt and walked off tossing over her shoulder a command to fetch the hamper, for she was hungry, and no supper could be had till we reached Grand Island; then, turning to me, she said with an exceedingly ancient air, "Positively, that boy is too ridiculous! He gests silly over these American girls all the time; but I won't help him!"

"That boy!" I repeated with intense amusement; for the delinquent stood six feet high, and was evidently older than his monitress, who lectured him in the gravest fashion all the while we were nibbling at the contents of that never-to-be-forgotten hamper. It reminded me of the famous one which Mr. Wardle carried to the races, and I think we enjoyed it as much as Mr. Pickwick and his friends enjoyed their *al fresco* lunch, though the sleepy fat boy was not in attendance.

The usual funny scenes occurred during the stowing away process at night; but the long hours passed swiftly, and the "infants" greeted the morning with sundry howls of misery and fretfulness, which waked us all too soon. It was droll enough to see the way in which everybody peeped from their sections to investigate the "reason why," and then, having viewed the situation, each suddenly discovered all the other curious heads, and disappeared. The lamenting wail was from the stout lungs of a four-year-old boy this time. His mother, arranging her toilet placidly, paid no heed to his screams, and the little imp danced with passion. Suddenly Madge showed a vexed face between her curtains, and her ringing voice called out imperatively:

"Tom! for heaven's sake get a slipper and spank that child! He's quite too old to cry like that, and his mother doesn't seem to know enough to manage him!" Then she vanished.

Fancy the laugh! It began in a chorus of stifled chuckles, but she had spoken for us all and a hearty endorsement sounded from every berth, while the amazed parent picked up her offspring, and slapped him soundly, and looked round with a "Please-ma'am-what-next-shall-I-do?" face which was funnier than Madge's prescription.

Our train was much "behind time," and breakfast time was only a dim prophecy, so we beguiled the hours as best we might, watching for buffaloes that wouldn't appear, spying several groups of the pretty, graceful antelopes, passing swiftly thro' the wide spread settlements of the funny little prairie dogs, and opening our eyes widely at the cactus which grew in such prickly profusion on either side of the track. I found the face of my English beauty more enchanting than any thing else, for it was as changeful as her thoughts. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"I wonder where Tom can be!" and suiting the action to the word, she started in pursuit. She was only gone a minute; then with a comically rueful face, she begged me to come too. We found the deserter closely tucked beside the very girl he had admired the day before, for both of them were occupying the same car step, while the rest of the gay group were camped on the platform. Of course I laughed, while Madge evinced her presence by reaching over and energetically pulling a curl of the handsome head that was so dangerously near the young lady's rosy cheeks.

Tom started, looked around, and coolly said: "Ah, Madge! I thought it was you. Well, I can't very well move just now; but Miss Ellis, if you can look over your shoulder you will see my sister. Miss Fairfax, allow me to present Miss Ellis."

The scamp certainly showed good taste; for Miss Ellis was very lovely, both in feature and expression. She blushed a little, but bowed as gracefully as her position permitted, and her voice was singularly sweet when she said, "I find that Mr. Fairfax is an old school-mate of my brother's. They were at Toronto together!"

It was Madge's turn to blush now; not a little, but furiously, while Tom's mischievous eyes danced with delight at her confusion, and I did some Yankee "guessing" about that "brother," which proved quite correct, and then I sat down to watch further developments and to enjoy the happiness before me. O youth and hope and beauty! What brave possessions ye are! Ye hold in your magical glasses such rare libations, and we drink such eager draughts, believing the visions they bring to heart and brain.

The train roared on. "Boss Tweed" came out and stood on the platform of his car, watching the strange, desolate lands we were passing; gentlemen consoled themselves with cigars; ladies tried all conceivable changes of position and read persistently; while all the happiness and delight in the whole train seemed to concentrate in the knot of young people about me. Madge sent for the hamper, the young ladies opened their baskets, and when we reached Cheyenne I left Tom seated on a reversed water pail, with all the gay girls around him pampering him by offers of the daintiest morsels, and my queenly Madge as merry as the rest directing at him a perpetual volley of saucy speeches.

They were all going through to Sacramento. My prophetic soul told me what would happen, for the imprisonment in a Pullman car for a week of two mutually susceptible young people has an almost certain result. Nothing in Euclid is surer than a flirtation, while something more serious is very apt to take place. Tom gave his own version of the story, declaring that fate had been too much for him, for during those days of travel he had grown so used to caring for Miss Ellis, so accustomed to playing a devoted lover "just to tease Madge!" that when their destination was attained the force of habit made him still seek the young lady, and "she seemed so fond of him, that well, really now, you know, a fellow finds himself in a queer position, and I had to marry her just to save her feelings!"

The pretty bride had heard all this before, so she only rejoined with the meekest air:

"I'm trying to show how sensible I am of his pure benevolence."

"Altogether an accident!" but what a delicious consequent! I am telling a true story, dear frinds, and if you will find out the history of many a marriage it will be found to have had an equally small beginning.

"And Madge?" I think I hear you say. Well, Madge was going to Sacramento to complete her engagements to that same brother of Miss Ellis who had known "Tom" at Toronto, and Tom asserts that she rules him splendidly. I'd give something to see her eyes flash again, but tomorrow I am to say good-bye to our hero and heroine, who sail for home in Cape Breton; and Madge is keeping house in Sacramento.

A LAUGH is worth a hundred groans in any market. [Charles Lamb.

How Burglars Get Their Tools.

From the N. Y. Herald, April 4.

A locksmith named John Stuener, living at No. 106 Hester street, was arrested yesterday by detectives Sampson and Farley, charged with being concerned in a plot to liberate a number of prisoners from the State Prison at Sing Sing and with manufacturing burglar's implements with a guilty knowledge. The scheme in which Stuener is said to be implicated has been going through the process of police elucidation for some time past. Escapes having become quite a feature at the Sing Sing Prison recently, Captain Irving, of the detective police, was called upon by the prison authorities to assist in discovering the means by which these escapes were effected. Among those the authorities name as having successfully eluded that establishment are Jim Brady, Jim Hope, Joe Howard, Ned Lyons, Johnny Keefe, alias "Johnny the Greek;" W. C. Harrison, alias Frost; Radford, Miller, and, the last, Mary Watts. The first steps in the matter of investigation discovered to the police that the persons under lock and key had friends out side who were able to get implements to the prisoners that would open the doors of their cells, through a prison official, who is supposed to have been bribed. These tools were conveyed to Tarrytown by rail, then taken across the river in small boats and concealed in some spot where the person for whom they were intended could easily find them. One of the last batch of convicts who escaped was a man named Miller. He was walking about New York for several weeks, apparently safe in his freedom, when one night he met Detective Farley. The officer allowed him to pass on unnoticed, but followed him at a distance. Miller, after considerable rambling, entered a house in which a woman known as "Long" Mary lived. Farley called upon "Long" Mary next day, and to save herself she revealed the hiding place of Miller. He was arrested the day following and sent back to Sing Sing. Mary was not slow in joining him there. In the same week that he was sent back to prison Mary went out, in company with Miller's wife, on a shoplifting expedition and came to grief. She was tried, convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing. Mrs. Miller, finding herself in the deplorable and lonely position of a woman deprived by the law of her friend and husband, resolved to devote all her energies to their liberation. She associated with a woman named Myers, who had also "a friend in distress," and the two went earnestly to work. The necessary $500, to be placed where it would do most good, was found, and then the hearts of the "retained" were gladdened with a hope of speedy liberty. Upon examining the situation some of Mrs. Miller's friends in the prison arrived at the conclusion that $500 was too much to pay for the liberation of each prisoner, and as they were about it they might just as well "play a point" on the dishonest officers of the prison. Althe' that is not strictly in accordance with the adage, "Honor among thieves," it is strictly in harmony with the practice of the fraternity. It was remembered that all the doors on each of the tiers in the prison are shut by the same bar and they can be opened and closed at once and together. Here was an opportunity to let out not one, but fifty prisoners at the same time, and they determined to seize it. With fifty well armed (for arms are easily procurable) prisoners free within the prison there would be no difficulty in throwing open all the doors of the house, and then burning it to the ground. A first class sensation would be obtained and the reputation of the originators would be established throughout the land. One great assistance to this plot at the start was that it brought a number into the making up of the $500, and the burden came lighter on each on that account. Mrs. Miller and Mr. Myers were intrusted with the outside details, and they went to work with a vigor that was worthy of a better cause. They put themselves at once into communication with Stuener, who, according to his own confession, had made "dem keedle dings far der masked fellers out all de poys," and he promised to supply anything and everything necessary. An impression of the principal key in the prison was taken in wax and sent to Stuener. This impression was found in his workshop yesterday by Captain Irving, in whose possession it is now. The wax is pressed into a small tin box a few inches square, and in it the wards and form of the key are cut. A cover was fitted to the box to keep the dust off and the impression from being injured. With this were furnished paper models of the other tools necessary. They were a lever, one foot six inches long, with a handle to screw in and out; a very strong swivel head, with file teeth, to be finished without the lever, for which the bolt size was given; a swivel and ratchet, with the style of the thread and the length of the bolt shown with the place marked for the lever, cut on all sides with file teeth; two hydraulic rams, several jimmies, with jackscrews, braces and skeleton keys. All these articles of trade Mr. Stuener contracted to furnish. He had delivered some and was quick on the way to the completion of the order when the police interruption occurred. It has been for a long time a mystery to the authorities where these burglars' implements were manufactured. Occasionally some exquisite specimens of workmanship would be found on the persons of criminals; but where they originally came from or were made was never discovered. The band of masked robbers arrested a short time since had a most complete, elaborate and highly finished set of implements. Some of them were specimens of ingenious invention and perfect finish. The police say the work is quite beyond that of an ordinary artisan, and of a quality and power that no usual protection could resist. From the busy and constant movement of Mrs. Miller in the city the detectives arrived at the conclusion she was putting some machinery in motion in the liberation of her husband. The desperate and determined character of the woman, they say, brought this conviction. Detective Farley was put to watch her, and in course of time she bent her steps to Stuener's. Detective Sampson went to Sing Sing to look after the surroundings there, and Captain Irving took Mrs. Miller in hand. Each night the officers reported the events of the day to Superintendent Matsell, and all worked smoothly until Saturday last, when Mrs. Miller suddenly disappeared. This for a moment staggered the detectives. They could not understand it. Stuener, however, continued to labor, and that assured them the scheme was not abandoned. They kept on watching and waiting until yesterday morning, when, receiving intelligence from the police of Lockport that Mrs. Miller was under arrest there for smuggling. They decided on working the matter up, and, to use a police phrase, "smashing the egg before it was hatched." It appears now that Mr. Stuener, whose trust is not of a confiding quality, was clamoring for money, and, Mrs. Miller being run out, went on a business expedition to supply his demands. Her avarice destroyed her. She was caught on the American border with a large amount of silk and locked up. Her bulk betrayed her. The same mistake was made by Stuener. He was not content with the making and the profit accruing from the making of ordinary locks, keys and fire-irons, but launched out into an illegal line of business, and now finds himself behind bars that some of his own tools would certainly easily open but that few of the fraternity who patronize him will care to put in practice for his sake. When Captain Irving and Detective Sampson went to his house yesterday Stuener was hard at work in the shop.

"Can you make a few things?" Captain Irving asked.

"Vot kint o' dings?" Mr. Stuener suggested.

"A couple of jimmies and a set of bits," Sampson put in.

"O, me want to open dem sort o' dings," Stuener said, pointing to a safe. Captain Irving nodded and the locksmith went on—

"O, yes; I make 'em for all de poys; joost vot you want."

"How much will they be?"

"Well, feeftin tollar for the sectional peeces."

"How much for rams?"

"O ho; you do dct kind o' pisiness. O, dat's pig. Well, dot cost you joost seexty tollars a beece, poot I make 'em nise. O, I do 'em for all the poys, and dirty tollars for de praces. Half down, ye know; half down."

"Have you anything you can show us?"

"O yes; plenty. Joost vorking on a pig job now. You know Mrs. Miller, ah; vell, she come heer every day. Look, dat's nice. I make him. Dat's mine oben anyding. Never see dot pefore. I find him myself. Schmall; very strong and fine, eh. O yes; very best."

"Well, we must consult with the other man, as he has to pay half the money. Would you mind coming up to the hotel to see him? We don't like to be seen around here."

"All righd, I go mid you. Wait leettle, I pring dem along; show him; pig pot, eh? I do it well. You give me someding leedle when it come off, eh?"

"Oh, certainly."

Stuener packed up his instruments and went with the officers to Police Headquarters. They took him in through the Mott street entrance to Superintendent Matsell's private office. There he was shown a large number of tools, all of which he identified as his manufacture. After about an hour's examination of the various articles, Stuener said:

"Vell, dat's all righd, and I dink I go pack home in my shop now."

"Come this way," said Captain Irving, and he was locked up in the cells opposite the detective office. The balance of the tools made for Mrs. Miller were sent to Sing Sing and have been buried in the grounds outside the prison. The police are aware of their location and will have them dug up to-morrow. Stuener's shop is in the basement of No. 106 Hester street. It is composed of two small low roofed rooms. Everything in the place looks of the most primitive character, and the wonder is how he could turn out such handiwork in such "a hole." Immediately inside the window that looks on the street is a rude working bench, black, on which two lathes are set. Beside it, facing the door, is an old forge, from which a very delapidated, much-jointed stove-pipe runs into the wall. In the centre of the space stands the anvil on a block. A rude, almost square bench occupies the corner made by the division between the rooms, and tools lie around in apparent confusion. In the inner room are troughs of filthy looking and unpleasant smelling water. In one corner is a ragged mass that seems as if it served for the resting place for the genius of the place. A more uninviting, blacker, dirtier or unhealthy den could not be found in Hester street, and yet the outside is more than fair to look on. "J. Stuener, locksmith," embellishes the sign that hangs in front; but it is doubtful if another smith of equal talent could be discovered in any locality in the city.

Superintendent Matsell telegraphed to the authorities at Lockport yesterday to detain Mrs. Miller, and Detectives Farley and Sampson will go for her to-day.

Henry Smith, alias Smythe, who has been connected with the carrying of the tools to Sing Sing and concerned in the plot with Mrs. Miller, was arrested a few days ago and is now locked up at Police Headquarters.

God's Nobility.

That pale-faced girl,—consumptive they call her,—who had everything to live for, but who, recalling a dreary sickness said: "I would have nothing otherwise, for so it has pleased my Father," was one of God's queens; and they are everywhere, and often where we little expect to find them.

The poor woman who stitches her life into her work at midnight may be finishing a robe for herself so royal that no other fingers are fit to touch it, lest it be soiled. Surely our employments do not change our blood relations, and, through their tasks and daily work, whatever its character, and through all sorts of losses and temporary defeats, these regal sons of God will yet carve their way to thrones and empires. And often, very often, does this princely character of man crop out, almost in spite of itself, even in the humblest avocations.

See that grimy but smiling engineer, whose quick eye has discovered a child, unconscious of danger, approaching the track; the speed of the locomotive is at its utmost; the distances are well measured; there is but one possibility. The noble man reverses his locomotive, then quickly glides along its side to a position of great danger, reaches out a strong arm, and catches the child when there are but twelve inches between it and death; and when the train comes to a stand-still, he kisses the cheek of the child, thinking the rosy lips too sweet and pure for his rough touch (they are not), sets it on its feet again, face home-ward, and whistles "off brakes."

Three persons, a mother and her child, and a rough sailor heavily clad in pilot suit, were seen clinging to a floating settee after shipwreck. It would support two, until the life-boat came to the rescue, but not three. The sailor looked, struggled with the conflicting thoughts of life and death for a moment, then pushed off, threw up his hands, and sank into the dark sea; the mother and child were saved.

Is there not the presence of God in such sacrifice, tenderness, and nobility? The Infinite One and such conduct are one and inseparable, and must stand or fall together. Such men are God's princes, living under mask. There are more of Christ in the common walks of life than we give credit for; indeed, there is where Christ is most apt to make his stay. Could you look through the soot on many a man's face, you would behold—a king.

Providence, too, is, or appears to be, singular in its assignments, if men are God's sons. She often puts them to employments that seem at least, ill befitting to princes. They are rarely found in regal palaces, but are often seen tilling the soil, with brow not crowned with diamonds, but beaded with sweat and dust. They are seen plying the needle, with weary fingers and broken hearts; are found toiling down in coal-pits, and with grimy face and besmeared hands, are for years assigned the task of firing and driving the locomotive along dusty railways, in actual peril, and near possible death every day and every hour.

Is not all this evidence of humiliation, rather than exaltation? True; so it seems, at least; but remember the chief Prince himself touched the earth to rise again. Kings may be born in stables without prejudicing in the least their titles. In that act of tilling the soil may be involved the preliminaries of future inauguration, if the work is faithfully done; the coal-pit worker may be unconsciously furnishing supplies to light the Lord's house, upon the occasion of receiving the throne and sceptre. No matter about the kind of work; how the work is done decides its merit.

We are walking daily in the midst of a royal family, and should have a smile of good cheer, and a bow of respect, for the woman who sweeps our house, or the man who heaves our coal, or paves our street, for they may be kings and queens *incog.*, and under mask; they may be not one step farther removed from the throne than are the most honored of us.

Love and Divorce.

About fifteen years ago, says the Springfield Union a young woman living in her home in Monson, became possessed with the desire to go west and teach school. In the town of Anamosa, Iowa, she found her vocation, and by and by a husband. He was the youngest and indulged son of a wealthy widow. The happy couple set out early on the matrimonial sea, both being only about nineteen years of age. When our heroine wrote to her father in Monson of her plans, he went on to Iowa for a few month's visit, and being pleased with his daughter's prospects, built and furnished a house for her. The mother of the young husband gave him a fine farm, well stocked and no young couple ever started in life with brighter prospects.

In a short time, however, bad speculations and mismanagement had stripped her husband of all his property. His pride was terribly mortified by this turn of affairs and in sudden desperation he left his home, his wife and infant daughter, and enlisted in one of the first regiments which was raised to put down the rebellion. His family received a few letters from him, and then an unbroken silence. In vain they wrote to him, and then to his officers, and comrades. He was reported among the missing. The wife or widow—she knew not which—at length returned to her Monson home, and afterward came to this city and entered the employ of Tinkham & Co., proving herself capable and efficient in the millinery department.

At the end of four or five years she revisited her husband's friends in Iowa, and soon married a gentleman there, having first for the sake of certainty obtained a divorce from her long-lost husband, altho' really supposing herself a widow. In a few months after this second marriage this second husband died, and the lady again returned to her New England home (twice widowed, as she supposed,) and soon was in her old place at Tinkham's.

Some months ago—and this is one of the strangest incidents in this eventful history—she dreamed that a hack called at her boarding place and took her to the Massasoit House, where she met her husband, to whom she was again united in marriage. The dream, of course, made a deep impression on her mind, but as months wore away and nothing came of it, she regarded it more and more as "only a dream." But one day last fall a letter reached the Post Office in Anamosa, directed to her. Some one who knew her caused it to be redirected to this city. It so happened that she was absent on a visit at the time, and after remaining in the Springfield Post Office a while it was returned to Iowa. Her friends there then enclosed it in another envelope and sent it here again, and it finally reached her as she was at her work in Tinkham's store.

On opening it she nearly fainted. It was from her first husband, from or of whom not a lisp had been heard by his friends for thirteen years. It stated that he was in the wilds of Texas, following the hazardous life of a ranchero. He had left home with the determination of never returning till he had made good his shattered fortunes. Several times he had so far redeemed this vow that he was on the point of seeking his family and friends, when some turn of the wheel of fortune had dashed him back to poverty. At length the fickle goddess had favored him and he was rich again. Whether his wife was living, whether she was the mother of another man's family, and a host of other questions asked, she hastened to answer.

Other letters were written by hath; but all failed, by reason of hostile Indians, faithless carriers, &c., of reaching their destination. But one assuring him that his wife was still his own and telling where she could be found, was enough.

Some time afterward a stranger, in

prise, that its most salient characteristic was constant vindictiveness toward Mr. Motley, with effort to wound his feelings, and this was signed by one who had sat with him at his house in friendly communion and common association on the evening of the inauguration of Gen. Grant, and had so often insisted that he was "the friend of Mr. Motley"; while, as if it was not enough to insult one Massachusetts citizen in the public service, the same document, after a succession of flings and sneers, makes a kindred assault on me; and this is signed by one who so constantly called me "friend," and asked me for help. The senator from Missouri (Mr. Schurz) has already directed attention to this assault, and has expressed his judgment upon it, confessing that he "should not have failed to feel the insult," and then exclaiming with just indignation, "when such things are launched against any member of this body it becomes the American Senate to stand by him and not to attempt to disgrace and degrade him because he shows the sensitiveness of a gentleman."—[Congressional Globe Debate of March 10, 1872.] It is easy to see how this Senator regarded the conduct of the Secretary. Nor is its true character open to doubt, especially when we consider the context and how this full-blown personality naturally flowered out of the whole document.

Here follows an extract from Secretary Fish's document, in which he alludes in severe terms to Mr. Sumner.]

The eulogy of the President here is at least singular, when it is considered that every despatch of the Secretary of State is by order of the President; but it is evident that the writer of this despatch had made up his mind to set all rules at defiance. It beyond paying court to the President, even at the expense of making him praise himself, the concluding sentence of this elaborate passage, so full of gall from beginning to end, had any object, if it were anything but a mountain of words, it was an open attempt to make an official document the vehicle of personal insult to me, and this personal insult was signed "Hamilton Fish." As I became aware of it, and found also that it was regarded by others in the same light, I was distressed and perplexed. I could not comprehend it. I knew not why the Secretary should step so far out of his way, in a manner absolutely without precedent, to treat me with ostentatious indignity, especially when I thought that for years I had been his friend, that I had never spoken of him except with kindness, and that constantly since assuming his present duties he had turned to me for help. This was more incomprehensible when I considered how utterly groundless were all his imputations. I have lived in vain if such an attempt on me can fail to rebound on its author. Not lightly would I judge an ancient friend. For a time I said nothing to anybody of the outrage, hoping that perhaps the Secretary would open his eyes to the true character of the document he had signed, and volunteer some friendly explanation.

Meantime a proposition to resume negotiations was received from England, and the Secretary, it seems, desired to confer with me on the subject; but there was evident consciousness on his part that he had done wrong, for, instead of coming to me at once, he sent to Mr. Patterson of the Senate, and telling him that he wished to confer with me, added that he did not know precisely what were his relations with me and how I should receive him. Within a brief fortnight I had been in conference with him at the State Department and had dined at his house, beside, about the same time, making 3 call there. Yet, he was in doubt about his relations with me. Plainly because, since the conference, the dinner and the call, the document signed by him had been communicated to the Senate, and the conscience-struck Secretary did not know how I should take it. Mr. Patterson asked what he should report. I replied that, should the Secretary come to my house, he would be received as an old friend, and that at any time I should be at his service for consultation on public business, but I could not conceal my deep sense of personal wrong received from him absolutely without reason or excuse. That this message was communicated by Mr. Patterson I cannot doubt, for the Secretary came to my house and there was a free conference. How frankly I spoke on public questions, without one word on other things, the Secretary knows. He will remember if any inquiry, remark, or allusion escaped from me except in reference to public business. The interview was of business and nothing else. On careful reflection, it seemed to me plain that while meeting the Secretary officially, it would not be consistent with self-respect for me to continue personal relations with one who had put his name to a document, which, after protracted fury too old to another, contained a studied assault on me, where the fury is intensified rather than tempered by too obvious premeditation. Public business must not suffer; but, in such a case, personal relations naturally cease; and this rule I have followed since.

Is there any Senator who would have done less? Are there not many who would have done more? I am at a loss to understand how the Secretary could expect anything beyond those official relations which I declared my readiness at all times to maintain, and which, even after his assault on me, he was willing to seek at my own house. To expect more shows on his part grievous insensibility to the thing he had done. Whatever one sign he makes his own, and the Secretary, when he signed this document, adopted a libel upon his friend, and when he communicated it to the Senate he published it to the world. Nothing like it can be shown in the history of our Government. It stands alone. The Secretary is alone. Like Jean Paul (German literature, his just title will be "the only one." For year I have known Secretaries of State, and often differed from them, but never before did I receive from one anything like this. Never before did a Secretary of State sign a document libeling an associate in the public service and publish it to the world. Never before did a Secretary of State so entirely set at defiance every sentiment of friendship. It is impossible to explain this strange aberration except from the disturbing influence of Santo Domingo. But whatever its origin, its character is beyond question. As nothing like this State paper can be shown in the history of Government, so also nothing like it can be shown in the history of other Governments. Not an instance can be named in any country where a person one in corresponding official position has done such a thing. The American Secretary is alone not only in his own country, but all countries. "None but himself can be his parallel." Seneca in the Hercules Furens has pictured him:—

"Quaeris Alcide parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse."

He is originator and first inventor with all prerogatives and responsibilities thereto belonging.

In the amiable passage already quoted there is a parenthesis which breathes the prevailing spirit. By way of aspersion on Mr. Motley and myself, the country is informed that he was indebted for his nomination to "influence and urgency" on my part. Of the influence I know nothing; but I deny positively any "urgency." I spoke with the President on this subject once casually on the stairs of the Executive Mansion, and then again in a formal interview. And here, since the effort of the Secretary, I shall frankly state what I said and how it was introduced. I began by remarking that, with the permission of the President, I should venture to suggest the expediency of continuing Mr. Marsh in Italy, Mr. Morris at Constantinople, and Mr. Bancroft at Berlin, as all these exerted a peculiar influence and did honor to our country. To this list I proposed to add Dr. Howe, of Greece, believing that he, too, would do honor to our country, and also Mr. Motley in London, who I suggested would have an influence there beyond his official position. The President said that nobody should be sent to London who was not "right" on the claims question, and he kindly explained to me what he meant by "right." From this time I had no conversation with him about Mr. Motley, until after the latter had left for his post, when the President volunteered to express his great satisfaction in the appointment, such was the extent of my "urgency;" nor was I much in advance of the Secretary at that time, for he showed me what was called the "brief" at the State Department for the English mission with Mr. Motley's name at the head of the list, other allusions to myself would be cheerfully forgotten if they were not made the pretext to assail Mr. Motley, who is held to severe account for supposed dependence on me. If this were crime, not the Minister but the Secretary should suffer, for it is the Secretary and not the Minister who appealed to me constantly for help, often desiring me to think for him, and more than once to hold the pen for him. But forgetting his own relations with me the Secretary turns upon Mr. Motley, who never asked me to think for him or to hold the pen for him. Other things the Secretary also forgot. He forgot that the blow he dealt, whether at Mr. Motley or myself, rudely tore the veil from the past, so far as its testimony might be needed in elucidation of the truth; that the document he signed was a challenge and provocation to meet him on the facts, without reserve or concealment; that the wantonness of assault on Mr. Motley was so closely associated with that on me, that any explanation that I might make must be a defence of him; that even, if duty to the Senate and myself did not require the explanation, there are other duties not to be disregarded, among which is duty to the absent, who cannot be permitted to suffer unjustly—duty to a much injured citizen of Massachusetts, who may properly look to a Senator of his State for protection against official wrong—duty also to a public servant insulted beyond precedent, who, besides writing and speaking most effectively for the Republican party and for this Administration, has added to the renown of our country by unsurpassed success in literature, commending him to the gratitude and good will of all.

These things the Secretary strangely forgot when he dealt the blow which tore the veil. The crime of the Minister was dependence on me. So says the State paper. A simple narrative will show who is the criminal. My early relations with the Secretary have already appeared, and how he began by asking me for help, practising constantly on this appeal. A few details will be enough. At once on his arrival to assume his new duties he asked my counsel about appointing Mr. Bancroft Davis Assistant Secretary of State, and I advised the appointment, without sufficient knowledge I am inclined to believe now. Then followed the question with Spain growing out of Cuba, which were the subject of constant conference, where he sought me repeatedly and kindly listened to my opinions. Then came the instructions for the English mission, known as the despatch of May 16, 1869. At each stage of these instructions I was in the counsels of the Secretary. Following my suggestion, he authorized me to invite Mr. Motley in his name to prepare the "memoir" or essay on our claims, which, notwithstanding its entirely confidential character, he drags before the world, for purposes of assault, in a manner clearly unjustifiable. Then, as the despatch was preparing, he asked my help especially in that part relating to the concession of belligerent rights. I have here the first draft of this important passage in pencil and in my own handwriting, varying in no essential respect from that adopted. Here will be found the distinction on which I have always insisted, that while other powers conceded belligerent rights to our rebels, it was in England only that the concession was supplemented by acts causing direct damage to the United States.

Not long afterward in August, 1869, when the British storm had subsided, I advised that the discussion should be renewed by an elaborate communication, setting forth our case in length and breadth, but without any estimate of damages, throwing upon England the opportunity, if not the duty, of making some practical proposition. Adopting this recommendation, the Secretary invited me to write the despatch. I thought it better that it should be done by another, and I named for this purpose an accomplished gentleman, whom I knew to be familiar with the question, and he wrote the despatch. This paper, bearing date Sept. 25, 1869, is one, I believe, probably the ablest in the history of the present Administration, unless we except the last despatch of Mr. Motley.

* * *

I cannot disguise the sorrow with which I offer this explanation. In self-defence, and for the sake of truth, do I now speak. I have cultivated forbearance, and hoped from the bottom of my heart that I might do so to the end. But beyond the call of the public press has been the defiant challenge of Senators, and also the consideration sometime presented by friends that my silence might be misinterpreted. Tardy and most reluctant I make this record, believing it more a duty to the Senate than to myself, but a plain duty to be performed in all simplicity, without reserve. Having nothing to conceal and willing always to be judged by the truth, I court the fullest inquiry, and shrink from no conclusion founded on an accurate knowledge of the case. If this narration enables any one to see in clearer light the injustice done to Mr. Motley, then have I performed a further duty too long postponed; nor will it be doubted by any honest nature, that since the assault upon the Secretary, he was entitled to that vindication which is found in a statement of facts within my own knowledge. Anything short of this would be a license to the Secretary in his new style of State paper, which, for the sake of the public service and of good will among men, must be required to stand alone in the isolation which becomes its abnormal character. Plainly without precedent in the past it must be without chance of repetition in the future. Here I stop. My present duty is performed when I set forth the simple facts, exhibiting those personal relations which have been drawn in question, without touching the questions of principle behind.

The Tigress Disaster.

NEW YORK, April 11. A St. John, Newfoundland, special has the following:

Since her return from the expedition in Baffin's Bay, in search of Buddington and the ill-fated Polaris, the Tigress has been considered a sort of marine prodigy, an object of reverence to fishermen hereabouts, owing to her marvellous escapes from the bergs and hurricanes which she then encountered on the northwest coast of Greenland. After the Polaris matter had been disposed of, she was fitted out for a seal fishing trip and was returning south at the time with her catch, when the terrible disaster already reported deprived her of all steam facilities.

This Friday morning I had an interview with Captain Barlett of the whaling steamer Panther, which brought the intelligence. He did not think there was any doubt but the Tigress would reach land in safety, as he did not believe the vessel was materially injured by the bursting of the boiler. Captain Barlett statement:

On Friday, the 3d inst., the Panther was in lon. 51.15 west, lat. 50.22 north, on her return to St Johns. The lookout reported the steamer apparently moving only under sail. As we approached her it was discovered that she had her flags at half mast. Subsequently and after signalling her, I ordered a boat to be lowered and went on board myself, when I discovered her to be the Tigress. Her captain and chief officers were on deck when I went on board. I was then informed that on Thursday April 2d, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the vessel was shaken all over by a terrific explosion of her boiler, which created great terror and confusion, as the escaped steam completely enveloped every compartment below. In consequence, all steam facilities had been destroyed and they had been under sail against a head wind for twenty-four hours. When I reached the deck of the Tigress I observed a number of men engaged in carpenter work, making a number of pine boxes. I asked what they were for and learned they were designed for receiving the bodies of the unfortunate men who had been killed by the accident.

The Captain of the Tigress said the weather was dreadfully cold, with a stiff breeze blowing and a heavy swell on. A number of the men had gone below after their watch and had turned in on top of the boiler for the sake of warmth. Nineteen of the crew were reposing in this manner when the crash occurred and some of them were scalded beyond recognition. The consternation was fearful. The two engineers on duty at the time were both killed.

We left them on the afternoon of the 3d, making for land under sail and promised to report the disaster immediately on our arrival. I did not ascertain the names of the men as all the officers of the Tigress appeared in great grief and could give but few particulars.

Trouble in Sing Sing Prison.

Fifty convicts in the cabinet shop of Sing Sing prison refused to work Saturday, and all but fifteen were sent back to the dark cells. There is considerable excitement in the prison, as the other convicts openly avowed their sympathy with the strikers. At last accounts all was quiet, though it was expected that the men would continue their insubordination unless the obnoxious parties are removed. John Short, the prisoner who ran a whiskey still in Sing Sing prison, says he earned $50 a day with the original still which he worked with some small lamps for a whole year until "blown" on by another convict to whom he refused to credit. Of course an officer of the prison was a partner. At the same time they made large profits on smuggled groceries, tobacco and cigars estimated at 1000 per cent. Short had $6643 when he left prison, all made out of the whiskey trade. He says he could escape any time but didn't want to leave while he was making $100 a week. He sold the business to another convict who is now making whiskey, and who ought to make $20,000 before his time is up.

ALL ABOUT A POSTAL CARD. A short time since a prominent merchant of St. Joseph, Mo., named Johnson pasted a label bearing his business address about the size of a postage stamp on a postal card and sent it to Chicago to order some goods. The Chicago correspondent duly received the card, but was obliged to pay six cents postage on it, and so notified the St. Joseph merchant. Now he had frequently sent like missives, without additional postage so he went to his post master to inquire into the matter. That functionary informed him that he had a right to so label the cards and could continue to do so unless the cards were going to Chicago, when the post-master didn't understand the law. So far matters were lovely, when Johnson addressed a card to the Chicago house, on which he wrote: "Our postmaster says your postmaster is an ass." Unlucky words. The Chicago postmaster forwarded the obnoxious card to Creswell. Forthwith came a card to the St. Joseph postmaster, which nearly frightened him out of his boots, and in mad haste he rushed to see Johnson and tell him that he never said the Chicago man was an ass. On mature reflection Johnson thought he didn't say so, and so acknowledged in writing, which was immediately sent to the Postmaster General. But that didn't end the matter. Last week an order came for the arrest of Mr. Johnson for using scurrilous language on a postal card, and he was arrested. Thus, for the sake of a little business about the size of a postage stamp, a St. Joseph merchant got himself into trouble, the St. Joseph postmaster into trouble, the Chicago postmaster into trouble, and the United States government into trouble.

A school teacher in Lagrange one morning recently, upon opening the school room found the floor besmeared with blood and other matter. He paid little attention to this, but proceeded to get kindlings to build a fire, when opening the stove door he found, lying in the ashes, the body of new-born infant. Horrified, he went to the nearest neighbors, who came and took the body away. Diligent search has been made for the mother of the child, but no one answering to that description has yet been found. Partially burned sticks of wood were found in the stove, indicating the intention of the one who placed the body there to destroy it by burning.

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—BY—
WILLIAM H. SIMPSON.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Various Aspects of the Liquor Question.

While the present excitement and interest upon the question of the use of wines and liquors or abstinence therefrom, are agitating the country, we must expect a great variety of ideas and theories upon the subject. A newspaper does not perform its proper functions when it presistently presents a favorite theory, and ignores all others. The public demand to be informed of all that is of interest in the matter, that each may judge for himself of the relative merits of the different methods of promoting sobriety.

We have before alluded to the commission about to be instituted by authority of Congress, to be composed of prohibitionists and license men, who are to institute thorough investigations into the liquor traffic in all its aspects, and make reports of the testimony and their conclusions. This is likely to develope valuable facts, and throw light on a vexed question.

We notice that the New York legislature has under consideration a bill to compel dealers in liquor to sell only those that are of approved quality, and fit for use by their purity. The author of the bill holds that the law is as competent to prohibit the sale of adulterated liquors as of diseased meats. The details of the bill are a careful provision to carry out effectually the main purpose of the law should it pass. There is to be in New York city a board of twenty-seven chemists, to be known as the board of liquor examiners of the city of New York. They are to have twenty-four assistants. Those officers have power to prescribe the standard for all kinds of liquors sold, to enter and examine, and confiscate, if necessary, impure goods and to punish offenders. Dealers are tied up very close to the requirements of selling a good article, and punished with fine and imprisonment for delinquency. There are several features about such a law which commend it. To begin with, no dealer, wholesale or retail, can make open objection; he cannot ask the right to sell poisonous nostrums under the name of good liquors. So that he is bound to support and defend the law. Suppose, then, it is both enacted and carried out in letter and spirit as nearly as may be, what is gained? Very much. A great part of the trade is stopped instantly, for it is well known that almost all the current liquors would cost more money and could not be retailed at the same prices, which would have the effect to reduce the number of tipplers. Thirdly, it cannot be denied that although the use of intoxicating liquors of the best quality is injurious, the vile compounds of the trade are incomparably more so. There will be controversy on this point, as some may contend that the more fatal the better. Yet it does not appear that such is good reasoning. The advocates of this bill make a very strong case for the diminution of intemperance by the use only of a pure article of what is purported to be sold. Among all the schemes to restrict intemperance, none is less objectionable than this to all classes, and a fair trial of such a law would be an instructive experiment, to say the least.

The question whether alcoholic drinks operate on the human system as poison, and poison only, is calling forth a great deal of earnest scientific discussion. Archbishop Purcell having made the simple declaration that a glass or two of beer would restore the wasted energies of a hodman without endangering his salvation, the advocates of total abstinence have loudly insisted in reply that alcohol, no matter in what combination, was in all cases injurious to the physical as well as the moral being. This brought up for science the question whether alcohol is a poison which ruins the constitution, or a wholesome gift of nature which in moderate use serves for its invigoration and support. In the answer to this was involved the further question whether total abstinence, maintained by prohibitory liquor and local option laws, or by moral suasion, shall be the absolute rule on the one hand, or moderate use or enjoyment, the rule on the other.

In following up this question the World publishes interviews with a number of eminent physicians whose answers must be confessed to be as contradictory as the replies of the Delphic Oracle, while of little value as answers to the scientific inquiry. But a writer in the Tribune having asserted that "as soon as man in his ignorance drinks beer, wine or any kind of liquor containing the poison alcohol, it is ejected just as it went into the system, without change," is answered in that newspaper by Dr. Edward Curtis, one of the most distinguished medical authorities in the country. Dr. Curtis explains that with alcoholic liquors, as with other enjoyments, all depends on the amount. He asserts that within certain limits alcohol is transformed like ordinary food in the system without producing any injurious effects, and yielding useful force for the purposes of the economy must be considered *food* in any philosophical sense of the word. This food-action, he declares "is attended with no exciting or intoxicating influence, but the whole effect, like that of ordinary food, is seen in the maintenance or restoration, according to circumstances, of that balance of function called health."

From his long and interesting paper we make the following extracts:

Alcohol has thus a two-fold action. First it is capable, in proper dose, of being consumed and utilized as a force producer; in which case there is no visible disturbance of normal function. Such action cannot be distinguished either by the drinker or the physiologist from that of a quickly digestible fluid food, and is no more an "excitement" or "depression," than is the action of a bowl of hot soup or a glass of milk. The second action is the poisonous influence of an excess of alcohol circulating in the blood, which makes itself sensible to the drinker by peculiar sensations and disturbances, and is not only followed by "depression," but is itself a form of depression—that is, a disturbance of balance; an unnatural perturbation of the normal working of the functions.

Every reader of these lines will at once ask, what then is the limit as to quantity within which alcohol exerts only a food action, and beyond which it begins to poison by its excess? This question cannot be answered categorically, for it so happens that the "poison line," as it has been aptly called, is a shifting one. Even in health it varies according to age, sex, individual peculiarity and habit, and even in the same person according to his physical condition for the time being. When fatigued by bodily or mental work, when suffering from emotional agitation, as anxiety or fear; when worn by loss of sleep, of blood, or by pain, amounts of alcohol which ordinarily would flush the face and somewhat confuse the mind, will be borne by the same person without producing the slightest symptom of intoxication; the whole effect of the drink being expended in relieving the preexisting malaise, and restoring the system to its normal condition. And in more formal morbid states, as in many diseases, the poison line often shifts to an astonishing degree, so that what would in health produce even dangerous drunkenness will be borne without causing the least intoxication; the whole of the alcohol being apparently utilized by the system for obtaining the life saving energy which this fluid, from its swift absorption and ready chemical change in the blood, can so quickly yield.

The simple meaning of all which is that alcohol in moderate enjoyment invigorates and refreshes the system, as an easily digested food, and that in its immoderate use it operates as a poison. It hardly needed the deductions of science to prove that the Rev. Dr. Purchell's glass or two of beer would refresh the energies of the tired workingman.

This view of the matter is sustained by the most thoroughly educated and scientific men of the country. This kind of investigation and testimony are by no means new. Six years ago the best physiologists and chemists of Massachusetts gave similar testimony. Among them was Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. E. H. Clarke, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Horsford, Dr. Bigelow and Dr. James C. White, Professor of Chemistry at Harvard, son of Hon. James P. White of this city.

While wishing all prosperity to the cause of temperance, and seeing, as everybody must, the great need of its advancement, it can gain nothing by maintaining a false assumption, or denying the truths of science. "Good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used." It is not the use, but the abuse that does the mischief. And abuse may make a curse of any blessing which humanity enjoys.

The Centennial Celebration. Duties of the Managers.

The following letter from Hon. C. P. Kimball, one of the Commissioners for Maine, will throw much light on the management of this great national celebration, to be held at Philadelphia, in 1876:

W. H. SIMPSON, Esq. Yours of the 8th inst., inquiring what the duties of the State Board of Centennial Directors were, came duly to hand. I thought the most direct way to answer it would be to send you the Director General's instructions, issued Nov. 12th, 1873, in which the duties of the State boards are fully explained. I wish you would publish it and ask your brother editors in Maine to do so, that all persons in the State desiring to exhibit may fully understand what course to pursue. I presume we shall have a meeting soon to organize and prepare for work, of which there will soon be plenty to do. You will see we are to receive notice of the space allowed us in July next, and are expected to be prepared to report to the Director General before Nov. first, whether we shall want more or less space. You will see we must be at work at once. The fact is we are so prone to think we can do almost anything in sixty days, that we almost positively refuse to consider this question until the year 1876 actually arrives. This is all wrong. The people should be moving at once. There is none too much time. It is our duty to place all the facts within our reach before our people, that all may see the cause for immediate action. Let us hope that Maine may be properly and honorably represented in the great exposition. I have no doubt you will do your duty in the matter. Yours truly,

C. P. KIMBALL.

To provide for the efficient adjustment of the preliminaries to the Exhibition, *and to organize a uniform system to this end throughout the United States*, the several States are invited and recommended to appoint, as early as possible, State Centennial Managers, not exceeding five in number. They should be selected entirely with regard to their familiarity with the resources, arts, and products of their state, their business experience, and executive skill. The State Managers, with the United States Commissioners and Alternate Commissioner, shall constitute the State Board of Centennial Managers for each State.

On the State board will devolve all the responsibility of organizing its state, and of securing its thorough representation in the Exhibition. It will have to care to: 1st: the interests of its own state and of its citizens in matters relating to the Exhibition; to disseminate information about it; to issue invitations to participate; to receive and pronounce upon application for space; to apportion the space placed at its disposal among the exhibitors from its state; and to supervise such other details relating to the representation of its citizens in the Exhibition as may from time to time be delegated to it by the United States Centennial Commission.

It is of extreme importance that the State Boards shall be organized and at work at the earliest day possible.

After the organization of the State Boards, all communications to the Centennial Commission or to the Director-General, relative to articles to be exhibited or requirements for space, must be made through those Boards.

Full diagrams of the buildings and grounds will be furnished to the State Boards, showing the location and area assigned to each State in the Exhibition Buildings, on or before the 4th day of July, 1874.

As soon thereafter as may be, but not later than November 1, 1874, the State Boards are requested to notify the Director-General whether they desire any increase or diminution of the space offered them.

By the 1st of March, 1875, the Director-General will acquaint each State Board with the amount of space at its disposal, and the State Board shall at once apportion it among the exhibitors of its district.

Before October 1, 1875, the State Boards must furnish the Director-General with detailed plans of their allotted space, showing the space of each single object to be exhibited, and also with list of the exhibitors, and all other information necessary for the preparation of the Official Catalogue.

Exhibitors will not be charged for space.

Steam-power and water will be supplied gratuitously, under rules to be hereafter announced. It will be necessary, in making application for either of these, for the exhibitor to state the quantity required, and the manner in which it is to be employed.

Special regulations will be issued concerning the exhibition of fine arts, the organization of international juries, and awards of prizes, and other points not touched upon in these preliminaries.

A. T. GOSHORN,
Director-General.

Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1873.

ANOTHER ATLANTIC STEAMER SUNK. The steamship Europe, of the Havre and New York line, sprung a leak and sank on her passage to New York last week. The passengers, officers and crew were all rescued by the English steamer Greece, and brought to New York. She had, like the Ville du Havre, been lengthened out, and thus weakened.

—John McLaughlin, of Scarboro' could think of no better way out of the world than by lying down and holding his head in a pond—and he did it.

The New Danger.

We copy from the New York Herald the financial views of a Southern man, as given to the correspondent of that paper. The article, if it represents the view generally entertained in the southern and western sections of the country, is well calculated to excite alarm. And whether or not it represents the general view, is of comparatively slight importance, if that sentiment is sufficient to control the votes of those sections of the country. The idea is full of peril, of threatenings and danger to the Atlantic states.

Often during the war of 1861, and the events which preceded it we had occasion to say that the north and the south were not the only sections of our vast country of diverse productions and interests, between which irritating and bitter questions were likely to arise; that agitation and fanaticism had lashed the people of the north into a fury about slavery—a question that easily admitted of a peaceful solution—while lying dormant were matters yet to arise, possessing a thousand times its capacity for disturbance, danger and even war. One of these, the question of the dollar, is already looming up black as a thunder cloud. It is the old issue between riches and poverty—between the man who rides in his carriage and fares sumptuously every day, and gaunt, hungry and desperate poverty that scowls at him from the mud of the street. The debtors of the south and west, with feet on their savannahs and prairies, say through their representatives in Congress, we are tired of our money slavery to the east, and will shake off our bonds. What agitation did for the personal bondmen of the south, it shall do for us the vassals to the capital lords of the east. Through legislation we will have quasi-agrianism, and divide the wealth of the land. We have the votes in Congress, and a western President, and can do it.

Remembering the result of the war with the South, and the effect upon the property of the South, what answer can we make to this?

Great Britain may well study her emigration figures with dismay. The reports show that she is suffering almost as badly as Germany and with no power to check it such as Bismarck calls into play. The report of the emigration board of the United Kingdom shows that during the year of 1873 there were 232,885 emigrants from England of whom 190,146 went from Liverpool and 26,682 from London. Of English emigrants 78,988 came to the United States; and 88,838 to the British North American colonies. Of Irish emigrants 75,536 came to the United States, while only 4,536 went to the colonies. The emigration of all classes from the United Kingdom in 1873 was the largest that has taken place in any one year since 1854.

The subject of incremation, or the burning of the bodies of the dead, is receiving much attention in the newspapers of New York. A society has been formed to advance and put in practical operation the idea. It is defended on the ground of the public health, which suffers from the presence of cemetery in the vicinity of large cities, and from the consideration of its superior cleanliness and fitness. This manner of disposing of the dead is not new. The ancients practiced it, and the uncovered tombs of ancient Greece and Rome show urns in which were reverently placed the ashes of the dead, after incremation.

—The prospect is that the next State Fair will be holden at Lewiston.

—Mrs. Lyade offers for sale the Bangor Whig establishment.

—Gen. Butler will be fifty-six years old next November. Where will he be fifty-six years hence? [Cincinnati Enquirer.

Pope says the place is not to be mentioned to ears polite.

—Mr. Boker, U. S. Consul at Constantinople, don't like the place, and is coming home. And the Turks don't fancy Boker's bitters.

—The New York Tribune, that under the great and good Horace used to be a prohibition paper, now favors liquor license.

—Vice-President Wilson is said to have recently told the President that the party is "going to the dogs." Quite likely. We are all ready to publish its o-hitch-uary.

—The most popular State administration that Ohio has had for many years is the present one—that of Gov. Allen. The people see that old fashioned democracy is suited to their condition and wants.

—Among the persons who have received votes for Senator in Massachusetts, is Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. They might do a great deal worse, than to elect her, if the laws permitted it.

—The Hartford Times praises the Liberal Republicans and other allies of the Democracy in the recent Connecticut election. It says the victory was an uprising of the people of all parties.

—A relic of the ill-fated Steamship Atlantic, in the shape of a passenger's ticket printed in German and English has been taken from the stomach of a salmon in St. John, N. B.

There is a hint to the fishers for salmon who take their rods and journey eastward. A passenger ticket must make a very taking bait.

—When are the Boston and Maine Directors to make another excursion over the route of the Bay and River Railroad, accompanied by Hichborn, as "guide, philosopher and friend"? The months come and go, and yet the enterprise makes no sign.

—Philadelphia has at length voted to use the credit of the city to the amount of a million dollars for the purpose of the Centennial, and a concentrated effort is making upon Congress to carry through the three million bill, with greater hopes of success than before.

—When the western woman has done every thing else, she flies to poetry. And this is the way one of the Crusaders celebrates the downfall of the last liquor saloon in her town:

I wandered through the gin-shop,
I lingered by the till;
I did not hear the gin flow—
The noisy bar was still.
There was no clink of glasses,
Nor sound of juleps stirred:
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

—This is Fast day, on which good men are expected to abstain from provender, mortify the stomach and overcome the desires of the flesh. Regard it carefully and reverently. Remember the example of the Pilgrim Fathers, who used to observe the day with so much formality, when they ceased from their amusements of hunting Pequods and hanging Quakers.

Ladies Temperance Meeting.

The meeting under the auspices of the Ladies Temperance Association, as heretofore notified, was held on Monday evening at the Methodist Vestry. Rev. Mr. Utter called the meeting to order, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Brown. Mr. Utter said the present temperance movement is more promising than preceding ones, because it is more identified with religion. There is only one thing stronger than the appetite for drink, and that is the religious sentiment. He proposed that there be some singing. The congregation sang the beautiful hymn Coronation—

"All hail the power of Jesus name,
Let angels prostrate fall."

The resolution for discussion was then read—"Resolved, That in our opinion, victualers, innholders, and billiard saloon proprietors, who have violated their licenses, as shown by the Court records, should have no further license, and should be proceeded against under the law—and we request that this be done."

Mr. Utter said the law makes it imperative on the city officers to proceed against violators of their licenses. Public sentiment is the only thing that prevents it. The question is, shall this thing go on longer?

Mr. Calderwood stated the law as he understood it, that inn-holders who violate their licenses are liable on their bonds. Keepers of billiard rooms who violate licenses are to pay $100, and to have no more licenses.

Rev. Mr. Brown was in favor of no backward step. Our city officers have a sworn duty to perform. Let them do it. It may bear heavily on some, but on law breakers only. An administration of the Maine law is needed. It is healthful. He was sorry to see that some public presses have antagonized the woman's movement. It is wrong. The curse of rum can never be fully known, except to a few broken hearts. Rumselling should be made odious. He rejoiced at the great tidal wave from the west. God is awakening the hearts of the nation.

Mrs. Burrill delivered the message that a five year old boy sent—who said "tell them to go on."

W. M. Woods favored the resolution, and would have all licenses cancelled on violation.

Charles Moore gave a history of the temperance reforms for 40 years. We don't know much here about drunkenness. In New York, the number of men who have been locked up for drunkenness from six to one hundred times, is 560 in four years—and of women 9006. Our billiard rooms are mere covers for rumselling. He hoped the resolution would pass.

Miss Esther Frye spoke on the general subject of temperance, and in favor of the resolution.

Mrs. Reynolds said the practical question was what would they do? For herself, she had done one thing—she had left off drinking. And she had now for the first time spoken in meeting. She believed they should trust in the Lord and keep their powder dry, and give rumsellers the law to the full extent. Her remarks were applauded.

John A. Mace said it all could say as much as the last speaker, all would be well. He liked and favored the resolution. And he believed the hotels in Belfast all sell rum, in the chambers or elsewhere.

Mrs. L. R. Palmer hoped the resolution would be adopted. A more stringent law is needed in Maine, and should be had. A friend from Illinois had told her that they had a much more stringent law in that state. [The Illinois law makes liquor selling legal. Ed. Journal.]

The resolution was then put to vote and unanimously passed. After which the meeting adjourned.

They have curious jury trials in Canada. T. H. Cushing, Esq. sends us a copy of the Montreal Herald containing a report of the trial of the Witness newspaper, for libel. That paper had an article giving the particulars of a spree engaged in by a party of high bucks, at the end of which one of them attempted suicide. As usual, there was a woman in it. After the trial was ended, and the jury in, it was found that six of the panel were Frenchmen, and six Englishmen. The Frenchmen couldn't speak English, and hadn't understood a word of the trial. One half of the jury couldn't say a word to the other half. But they all agreed to a verdict of guilty! The trial ended at night, and four of the jurymen asked leave to stay in the court house, as they couldn't find their way home! The affair affords great amusement to the town.

Colorado is again asking admission as a state to the federal union. It claims wealth and population sufficient to support its dignity as a state, and now there seems to be certain evidence that it holds in its keeping very valuable gold mines. This precious metal has been mined in the territory nearly as long as in California, and there seems to be very little doubt that the San Juan district is yet to become one of the most important gold mining regions in America.

The currency bill is not yet finally disposed of. The House has had it in hand for a week, with discussions, amendments and projects. Public opinion is yet divided as to the action of the President, when it gets to him. He is reported as having expressed himself as opposed to inflation, and in favor of a resumption of specie payments. But that does not mean that he will veto the bill, by any means.

Voting is briskly proceeding in Massachusetts on the Senator question, without getting any nearer to a result. The seventy-odd democrats stand like a rock for Curtis.

—The New York gas companies have discovered a lot of fellows who secretly tap the pipes, and steal their light and heat.

—Recent successes of the Cuban patriots have greatly raised the hopes of their friends in this country, and strong efforts are being made at Washington to recognize the belligerency of the republic. It is not probable that the effort will succeed.

—We are glad to be able to state that the health of Gov. Crosby is very much improved. Next week the publication of the Annals of Belfast, from his pen, will be resumed in these columns.

About That Squelching

For the Republican Journal.

MR. EDITOR. Your correspondent, in giving the details of the meeting at Waterville for the formation of a New England Agricultural Club, and a Stock Growing Association, says that Mr. Lucas threw a bomb shell into the meeting but was subsequently *squelched, &c., &c.* Now I wish to do even justice to all, and state what every candid man present will admit. First, Mr. Lucas stated that the meeting, held in one of the best agricultural sections of the State, had called a thinner crowd than would usually attend a nigger show, with a like advertising. Let the vacant seats answer this in the negative if they dare, as no man in the Convention disputed the fact. Second, that the farmers of Maine, for the want of combination, were unable to fix the price of a single product of their soil, or an article in the market of which they had to purchase—that the hay crop was the most essential raised in the State, and would not average over fifteen hundred per acre, and was comparatively lost by being eked out in stinted quantities to sustain the life of a miserable lot of scabs that lose in winter what they had gained in summer. Now, Mr. Editor, who dare deny the truth of the above, over his own signature? When I state that L. L. Lucas, of St. Albans, is a man not easily squelched, I am giving nothing new or strange to the people of Somerset.

W. D. HAYDEN.

Madison Centre, April 12, 1874.

Generalties.

Mosby will be a candidate for Congress at the next election in Virginia.

Queen Victoria has twenty-one grand children to comfort her declining years.

A grange of the patrons of husbandry has been organized by the farmers of Brunswick.

Twelve street-cars, now building at Troy, New York, will soon be rattling through the streets of Bombay.

The public library in Ellsworth, now numbers 1050 volumes and is yearly increasing in favor among the people.

A Rhode Island man who wanted to buy a farm of 350 acres was forced by stern necessity to leave his native State.

A Dubuque man has asked for the protection of the courts against three widows who are trying to force him into a marriage.

The young ladies in Vermont are now giving sugar parties, and the young men are surreptitiously showing their preferences.

About 900,000 pounds of halibut ar

News of the City and County.

Friday is Fast Day.

Scarlet fever is again raging in town.

The fishermen are leaving town on every boat, for Gloucester, Mass.

Lobsters are in the market, and sell for six cents per pound, including the skin.

This is the season of maple sugar, but some of it has the flavor of old molasses hogsheads.

John W. White and family have returned home, after passing the winter at Elmira, N. Y.

The water in the vicinity of the recent fire is so impregnated with smoke as to render it unfit for use.

The early robins have been looking very much discouraged, evidently thinking that they came too soon.

The early bird this year didn't catch the worm, but instead thereof caught a bad cold and a sore throat.

Do you want a friend in need? Then have a Belfast Savings Bank book, with a good sum placed to your credit. There is no friend like it.

The employees at the shoe factory, on Monday, made up a purse of $25 and presented it to Hattie Spiller, the young lady injured last week.

We have some great loss without some small gain. Several families rejoice in the possession of new water pails since the fire of Friday morning.

The staging from a house on Bay View street gave way Saturday, throwing three men violently to the ground, a distance of fifteen feet. C. M. Hamilton, of Montville, was quite severely hurt.

The fire of Friday morning was discovered by the watchman at the factory of Mathews Bros., who at once set the steam going at work. It brought every body to their feet at once. As a fire alarm it is worth a hundred bells.

On Saturday, a large gondola, or flatboat, was landed from Northport to the beach in this city, by 14 yokes of oxen and two pairs of horses. It was built by Herrick & Prescott, for a floating pile driver, and will be provided with a very powerful hoisting engine.

It is hoped that the season of masquerading, public and private, is over, and that timid people are to be no longer frightened by horrible possessions moving to the appointed place. A sheet and pillow case affair, met in the evening, looks like a procession of ghosts.

The smothered fire at the hay barns had to be carefully watched through Friday and Saturday nights, which the firemen did, standing ready by their engines. On Sunday morning it broke out so seriously that an alarm was sounded, to call all hands. What remained of the fire was then effectually drowned out.

Perhaps a hint as to the manner in which the hay barns were set on fire is furnished by a more recent occurrence on one of the wharves. A building in which hay is stored was left over night with the door ajar, and the next morning the dealer found one of his bales ornamented with a pink bow. Those knots of ribbon are dangerous incendiaries.

Mr. Morrow has retired from our potato market, and gone to Bangor. He has this season shipped from Belfast 25,000 bushels, which exceeds any year of his operations, save one. Of that amount 12,000 were bought at Unity station, 800 at Shibles Crossing, and the remainder in Belfast. The average price has been 70 cents. Mr. Morrow expects to visit us again next winter.

Capt. John W. Carlton, formerly of this city, died on Sunday, April 4th, at an insane asylum near Boston. He was formerly an enterprising shipmaster, but became insane some years ago, and died from a disease of the brain. His wife, formerly Miss Fanny Everett, of Montville, is also suffering from a disordered mind, and is now an inmate of an asylum. It is believed that their systems became poisoned by vaccination in a foreign port.

The Universalist church on Sunday forenoon and evening was crowded to listen to one of Belfast's talented and self-made young men, the Rev. John W. Hinds. Many remember Mr. H. in former days, and have watched with pleasure his rise, by pluck and energy, to the position he now enjoys, as one of the promising young clergymen of the day. He has lately assumed the pastorship of the Winthrop street church at Augusta, and gives excellent satisfaction.

Along the Wharves. The reserve of hay in the storehouses has been largely drawn upon lately, although a large amount still comes in. Dealers believe that there is yet a large supply in the country, and the shipment will continue late into the season. Pitcher & Gorham are loading sch. Geo. Kilborn for Norfolk, Va.; sch. Fannie Barker, Charleston, S. C., and sch. Hero for Boston; also sch. Helen Marr with potatoes for Norfolk, Va. Wm. Pitcher & Son are loading the new brig I. W. Parker with hay for Savannah, Ga. Sch. Ralph Howes is discharging a cargo of Jacksonville hard pine for Carter & Co. Sch. Catawamkeag is discharging a cargo of Virginia white oak for Metcalfe.

Speaking of Morrow, the Potato King, there is a good story told of the attempted rivalry of a dealer in the root crop. By a long course of honorable dealing, Morrow has acquired the confidence of those who market potatoes, and can generally get what he wants of that product. One season an ambitious runner attempted to take away his customers. But he found that after he had exhausted all his talk, a quiet word from Morrow would suffice to induce the man to drive to his scales. Some wags asked the new hand why it was that he succeeded so poorly. "Wal," said he, "what can I do when he goes up on the other side and talks through his *hoss*." Those who remember the tremendous mustache and beard of Morrow will appreciate the explanation.

Accident at the Shoe Factory. Saturday afternoon a serious accident happened to Miss Hattie M. Spiller, a woman in the stitching room of the shoe factory. While engaged in cleaning her machine, her hair, which was worn loosely down the back, was caught in the stuffing, and her head jerked violently against the pullies beneath. She was not released until the engine was stopped, and then only by cutting away the hair. The scalp in two large places was completely torn off leaving the skull exposed, which was also slightly fractured, and the arms and body bruised. Surgical assistance was rendered and she is recovering. This is the second accident that has happened at the factory by wearing the hair loose down the back, a fashion the factory hands will do well to dispense with.

Fire. On Friday morning, about half past one o'clock, an alarm of fire was given in our streets, and soon a very bright light appeared in the space at the rear of Main street and the New England House. Two hay barns in which Woods, Mathews & Baker had stored over 300 tons of pressed hay, were found to be in flames, and streaming up to a fearful height. The fire companies were speedily on the spot. A glance sufficed to show that the situation was full of peril, and that there was work to do. On one side the corner of the large New England House stable was close to the burning buildings, and on the other Dunbar's stable was only about four feet from one of the barns. And yet the skillful manner in which the companies were handled, and the determined courage with which the firemen fought, confined the flames to the two buildings containing the hay. Five streams of water from the three fire engines, directed from the ground and from the tops of adjacent buildings, did the work. No one can look at the burned and blackened walls of the surrounding buildings, and think of the terrible blaze and heat of that fire, without acknowledging that firemen never did better work. The wind carried cinders across Main street, and kindled fires on the opposite side, but they were taken care of. All the reservoirs in the neighborhood were exhausted, and water was for a part of the time furnished by the steam pump at Mathews Bros. factory. Most of the buildings in the neighborhood were cleared of their contents. Woods, Mathews & Baker lose in hay $4500, less $2500 insurance; on building $600 less $250 insurance; also a wagon worth $300. The other building which they occupied was owned by Reuben Sibley, worth $800, and not insured. A. J. Harriman & Co. lose $350 in mowing machines &c., stored in the burned buildings.

Mud is ankle deep in the streets now.

There is an unusual amount of snow for the middle of April, but it can't last long.

Durham has regular supplies of nice fish—such as cod, haddock, lobsters, &c.

Surveys are being made for a new city map of Belfast.

Wednesday was a genuine spring day, and everybody was happy.

Capt. and Mrs. McClure and family, of Searsport, sailed from Portland Saturday for Europe.

Last Sunday was a regular freezer—the coldest April day ever known here.

Capt. Roix has sold his house to E. H. Peavy, who will occupy it.

Should the city authorities of Belfast tax dogs this year? It would have the effect to bring money into the treasury.

Josiah Mayo, an old, well known and highly respected citizen of Winterport, recently died in that town, at the age of 70 years.

The vestibule of the Court House is made attractive by a pump and bowl, where hands may be washed and thirst slaked.

Four car loads of hay came in over the railroad, Tuesday, the first brought this way for the season. It was to make up a cargo for Pitcher & Gorham.

Capt. E. G. Blanchard and wife and Miss Emma Simonton, of Searsport, sailed from New York Saturday, in the White Star steamer Adriatic, for Liverpool.

The steamer Cambridge in trying to get to Bangor, became so entangled in the ice that she did not reach this city until after 7 o'clock on Monday evening.

Police Court. John Fogerty, who indulged in the eccentricity of making a bonfire of his father's coat, was sentenced to 20 days in jail for malicious mischief. For drunkenness, Pat Shaughnessy got 30 days in jail.

Joseph Williamson has bought Sears' Island, recently the property of Cobb and Bodwell, and from which the growth of wood has been removed within a few years. The probabilities are, we learn, that it will be transferred to other parties.

The city has accepted the street leading to Cottrell's shipyard. W. H. Fogler has been chosen supervisor of schools. The Mayor and Aldermen, as Overseers of the Poor, have been authorized to contract for the maintenance of paupers for the period of five years.

Attention is called to the following new local advertisements—Arthur Heagan of Prospect Ferry wants a man to work on farm.—M. A. Cullnan, house painter, glazier, &c.—Jewelry, spectacles, plated ware, &c., by Hervey.—New stock of clothing by Andrews.—A. G. Jewett asks the attention of horse owners to his horse Gen. Grant.

We are glad to see that our former fellow citizen Mr. Charles A. Stephenson, who has resided in Massachusetts for nine years past, has returned with the intention of taking up his residence in Belfast. He will rebuild his house which was destroyed in the fire of 1865, and probably again engage in business. It is pleasant to see Belfast thus winning back her valued citizens of former days.

Shipbuilding. This branch of Belfast's industry opens this season with most flattering prospects. There are nine vessels on the stocks in the process of building in the several yards, with many contracts ahead, including large ships. Carter & Co. have four in their yard—one brig 600 tons, for Capt. Joseph Thomb; one three masted schooner, of about 400 tons, for Capt. Fred Bean, both of this city, and two three masted schooners, about 400 tons each, for New York parties. Henry McGilvery has three—one 1500 ton ship for Capt. W. G. Nichols of Searsport and parties in Bangor; one barkentine of 550 tons, for James Littlefield and others of Bangor, and one three masted schooner for New York parties; the frames of all are to be of white oak. One schooner in each of the yards of Horace Perkins and Geo. Cottrell; these are about 300 tons each.

Stockton. Richard Crocker, while at work in Hichborn's shipyard, on Tuesday, fell almost sixteen feet and struck on a stick of timber, and was so seriously injured that he died in thirty minutes. His age was 64.

The Loss of the Europe

New York, Apr. 14. Detailed statements of the various persons on board of the steamships, Europe and Greece, are in print this morning, but they are all in the main the same as hitherto telegraphed. The Captain of the Europe insisted that he was not allowed to return to his ship by the officers of the Greece, but this is positively denied by the latter.

The collision between the Greece and the Europe occurred after the rescue and was caused by an effort to turn the latter around. She struck the Greece near the stern, making quite a hole, and, for a short time, there was quite a panic, but no material damage was caused. The French Captain feels indignant at his alleged ill treatment.

A bride, named Anna Hassler, coming home to be married, gives her experience and is very sad at the loss of her wedding trousseau which cost $600, but is thankful that her life is spared. A French woman saved her pet parrot, and a New York Doctor saved his private bull dog, but none saved their baggage. A number of small children were much frightened, but were all saved by being fastened together and let down into the boats in blankets. The wife of one passenger went insane after being taken from the vessel and continues so.

The French purser says that the cargo of the Europe was worth two and a half million of francs. There were 18,000 baskets of champagne, an immense quantity of valuable silks, and about 40 tons of sundries. Engineer Douglass, of the Greece, says the Europe never should have been abandoned.

A valise containing valuables was thrown out of a boat by one of the Europe's sailors, saying no luggage was allowed, but it was picked up by another boat. This valise contained the watch of Miss Hunter who was saved from the Ville du Havre. It has been forwarded to the family at Newport. The Europe's passengers have signed testimonials to Capt. Lemaire testifying to his foresight in saving them, and to Capt. Thomas, of the Greece for hospitality.

Attempt to Defraud an Insurance Company.

A case has just come to light in New York, in which a bold but unsuccessful attempt was made to defraud the Merchants' Insurance Company. The story is a strange one. On the 29th of last month a young woman named Louisa Germs, was reported to have died at the house of Dr. Ernest Uhling, and the body was interred in Brooklyn. It having been discovered that the doctor and the deceased lady had lived on most intimate terms, and that the former had taken out a joint policy of ten thousand dollars in the above company, the policy to revert to the doctor in case of the death of the lady, Coroner Kessler ordered the exhumation of the coffin and an examination of the same. The coffin was found to contain nothing but nineteen bricks. Warrants were at once issued for the arrest of all parties interested.

The detectives succeeded in arresting the doctor's wife and son at the residence of the doctor, whose effects were found packed up, and ready to be carried away. Through the aid of the son, the doctor was traced to a house in Twenty-fifth street, where he was found hidden away, and was arrested. Funk, the undertaker was also arrested.

Louisa Germs was arrested yesterday. On being brought to the Central office she was recognized by several officers of the insurance company. She stated to Capt. Irving that she was sick at 160 Elbridge street and was attended by Dr. Uhling, but denies that she was ever put in the coffin, and says the undertaker was present and assisted in preparing the coffin for interment. She and Dr. Uhlings wife were in the room while the bricks were being put in, and it was the latter woman who went to the funeral so closely veiled. When the doctors were called in she says she had some soap in her mouth and pretended to have convulsions by the advice of Dr. Uhling.

Why is the elephant the most sagacious of travelers? Because he never takes his eye off his trunk.

A Southern View of the Finances.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, who has his eyes open, and is well posted on the opinions and intentions in and about Washington, sends to that paper, under date of the 12th, the following—

In a conversation yesterday morning with an old Southern politician of thirty odd years' experience in public affairs, he advanced some startling but growing opinions touching the necessities of the South and West calling for more currency and the advantages that will be gained to these sections from an inflation and a depreciation of our paper money. But, proceeding still further, this Southern philosopher not only expressed the opinion that inflation at this late day would open the door to repudiation, but that repudiation, the time-honored method of abolishing a dishonored paper currency, would be cheerfully accepted by the South, and not very seriously resisted by the West, and would be a great blessing to the whole country.

The South and West, said he, want more currency, simply because not one of the Southern or Western States has anything like the currency facilities which it had before the war, and most of them have less than half the amount of their *ante-bellum* circulation. This, too, when their business affairs call for more, and more they are bound to have. Of course, in proportion as the currency is inflated, it will be depreciated; but suppose it is depreciated so far that $3 in paper will be an equivalent for only $2 in gold; do you not perceive that the Western and Southern States, as the debtor States, will gain largely by this depreciation? A Southern merchant we will say, owes a debt to a New York importer of $30,000. He pays it in legal tender paper money, and if $30,000 of this paper are in value equal to only $20,000 in gold he saves upon the gold standard $10,000 by the operation; and so through all the transactions between debtor and creditor as individuals, States or sections; and if through Congress these debtor States can enforce this system of settlement, is it not according to

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he shall take who has the power,
And he shall keep who can?

Self-preservation and self-interest are the first laws of nature. The interests of the East are the creditors' interests, the interests of the West and South are those of the debtor, and, to use a familiar Southern expression, "the longest pole brings down the persimmons." That is all there is of it, and if we have the power over them in Congress our creditors must take the consequences. Vice versa, we would be the sufferers. The balance of power happens to be on our side, and we avail ourselves of its advantages. What else could you expect us to do? I grant you that inflation at this late day opens the door to repudiation, through a financial collapse; but as a Southern man, whose interests are those of the South, what is repudiation to me? My idea is that, looking at the general welfare, repudiation will be a blessing, and a great blessing, to the country. Was it not a blessing to France, in the matter of those depreciated assignats? Was it not a blessing to the United States in the extinction of that depreciated Continental currency? Was there any other way to get rid of this depreciated rubbish than the short and decisive way of repudiation? It operates, to be sure, like a hurricane; but it purifies the atmosphere. It may sweep over the country like a fire on the prairies; but, like a fire on the prairies, it will not touch the living roots of the grass. Indeed the grass will spring up again with renewed life from the visitation. But what of the dishonor of a repudiation of the national debt? you ask. Suppose the bondholder gets in his interest payments a sum total amounting to the principal of his bond and six per cent interest in legal tenders, will that be repudiation? Are we coming to that? Inflation will surely carry us to this idea or to the shorter catechism of our continental currency. But again I ask you what is this to us of the South? You compelled us to repudiate our Confederate debts of all descriptions, and do you suppose that it is a matter of pride or pleasure to us to be further compelled to tax our impoverished people to assist in the payment of your debt or to meet your taxations? Don't you know that.

Time at last sets all things even?

Sponge out the national debt, and, deducting our bonds, will not the act be equal to an appropriation of $500,000,000 for the relief of the Southern States, in relieving us of these heavy federal taxations, internal and external? Does it not appear strange that the producing States should be the debtor States? But so it is, and so it has been in all ages. Your middlemen, the merchants and money changers, pocket the profit of the producers, and keep them constantly in debt. The day will come when these relations between producers and middlemen will be better understood and regulated than they are now; but the producers already understand where the shoe pinches, and the Grangers will know what to do in 1876. Inflation, you may depend upon it, is the remedy for all their grievances, for it strikes at the roots of these heavy taxes and these grinding railway and moneyed monopolies, and brings them all down to the common level of a general settlement and a new beginning, call it a general collapse or universal bankruptcy, or repudiation, or what you please. Can you imagine that this national debt will be paid off in gold within the next twenty years? Can you believe that with its heavy burdens of taxes and bondholders it will be tolerated even ten years longer? We are travelling too fast for this. Do you not perceive that the republican party is breaking up on this financial question? That the West and the South have entered upon what you call "a new departure." From the voting on the currency bills in both houses of Congress is it not apparent that the republican party is gone, and that the democratic party is also sectionally cut to pieces on this vital matter of inflation? I believe that our National Centennial will usher in another American Declaration of Independence that will astonish the world quite as impressively as the great Declaration of 1776, though it will be upon the same broad platform of equal rights.

Such are the views of more than one or a score of the active politicians of the South, and that to some extent they underlie the inflation movement in Congress there is no reason to doubt.

Dairymen in Council.

The Maine Dairymen's Association met at Augusta on the 10th. The fee for membership was fixed at $1, and for life membership at $5. The time for the annual meeting of the association was fixed for the second Tuesday of February. The following officers were elected: President, Seward Dill of Phillips; vice-presidents, P. Bachelder, W. D. Hayden and Frank Buck; secretary, J. W. Lang of Brooks; treasurer, Dr. J. N. North, Jr., of Jefferson; also a board of twelve, consisting of one from each county. M. J. Dow of Brooks was elected a member of the State Board of Agriculture, but considerable doubt was expressed as to the right of the association to elect a member of that board. There was a good deal of discussion relative to the best breed of cows for cheese-making.

Fatal Duel. About two weeks since the case of Madam Olympe, a modiste, vs. Mr. Aristide Bienvenue, for payment of bills contracted by defendant's wife, was on trial in New Orleans. The counsel for plaintiff, was Mr. A. B. Phillips. During the trial much bitterness was manifested by Mrs. Bienvenue towards Mr. Phillips, and she took every occasion to insult him. At last Mr. P. complained to the husband, that he had been insulted, and Mr. B. said his wife had done just right. Much incensed Mr. Phillips knocked the other man down. The result was the next day a challenge was sent and accepted. The arrangements were made, the duel to be fought with double barrelled shot guns, loaded with ball, distance forty paces. At the word Mr. Phillips fired, and an instant afterwards Mr. Bienvenue's gun was discharged and he fell dead, shot through the brain. The parties went back to the city, but no arrests have been made.

Pills, Potions and Pulmonicies.

Oppression after eating, headache, nervous debility, are the effects of indigestion. One, or two at most, of *Poisons' Purgative Pills* will give immediate relief.

Why are clergymen like railway porters? Because they do a good deal of coupling.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment may be administered to children with perfect success, in cases of croup, whooping-cough, influenza, and almost any of the diseases to which they are liable.

"Let's go and inflate," is the way the statesman in Washington put their convival invitations now.

Caution to purchasers of the Peruvian Syrup (a protected solution of the protoxide of iron). Beware of being deceived by any of the preparations of Peruvian Bark, or Bark and Iron, which may be offered to you. Every bottle of genuine has Peruvian Syrup (not Peruvian Bark) blown in the glass. Examine the bottle before purchasing.

A gentleman friend has a canary, and has named him "Weed." His reason for this appellation is that he is not a "Singer"

Cough-worn victims whose lungs are racked and torn with paroxysms that threaten to choke you, all that you have to do is to take *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar*. A rapid cure is certain. Crittenton's, 7 6th Avenue. Sold by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

What's the difference between a young woman and an old one? One is careless and happy, the other is hairless and cappy!

Don't temporise with Piles. Ointments, lotions electuaries and all manner of quack nostrums are a waste of time and money. The only *absolutely infallible* cure for these painful diseases is ANAKESIS, discovered by Dr. SILSBEE. It has been pronounced by scientific men as the happiest discovery made in medicine for 200 years, it affords instant relief from pain in the worst cases and has cured more than 20,000 sufferers permanently. All Doctors prescribe it. Price $1.00. Sold by Wm. O. Poor & son Belfast Me and Druggists everywhere.

An old joker says a barrel of soft-soap in a ship is like marrying a hotel-keeper's daughter—a soft thing on board.

Rev. Dr. Clarke Writes:

While I was under the process of Erysipelas the Hon. Dr. ——called upon me: I told him how much of the Hypo. I had used. He said "Fellows' Hypophosphites is a good medicine, an excellent tonic, and no doubt had drawn the acidity that was in my blood to the surface, and thus prevented it from attacking some important organ of my system.

I have conversed with many who have used it and *all* say they were benefitted by it.

For myself, I have much pleasure in saying *it improved my general health amazingly*. It gives a clear skin and healthy countenance, but to know its virtues it must be used, and were it within the reach of all classes, I believe it would be used universally; yes, by the well, to renew their age, and by the sick, to make them well.

It makes an old person look ten years younger. "This witness is true." Would that I could more widely make it known for its many virtues. Long may its inventor live to see the happy fruits of his invention.

ALEXANDER CLARKE, D. D., Amherst, N. S.

"Breakfast for ninety-nine," said a waiter to a verdant clerk at a hotel not long ago. "Thunder!" said the clerk; "we can't do it." The waiter explained that ninety-nine was the number of the room.

CONSUMPTION,

the scourge of the human family, may in its early stages be promptly arrested and permanently cured.

Ravenswood, W. Va., Oct. 28th, 1872.
Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Sir—For the last year I have been using your Golden Medical Discovery. I owe my life to it, having been afflicted for years. Did not use it but a short time before I was benefited; at that time I was very bad, not able to sit up much, was suffering greatly with my throat, was getting blind, had a dry cough, and much pain in my lungs. I have used twelve bottols of the Discovery and am almost well.

KATE T. WARDNER.

A son of Mr. J. M. Meseck, of Chatham Four Corners, N. Y., has been cured of Consumption by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.—so says Mr. C. B. Canfield, editor of the *Chatham Courier*.

S. R. Eglar, druggist, of the West Union, O., writes to state that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a wonderful cure of Consumption in his neighborhood.

A citizen of Delta, Iowa, writes to the Postmaster-General: "If you don't send some one to run this 'ere post-offus purty soon it'll be thrown in the river, for I'm going off on a bear-hunt and can't fool any more."

Centaur Liniments.

There is no pain which the Centaur Liniments will not relieve, no swelling they will not subdue, and no lameness which they will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. They have produced more cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, palsy, sprains, swellings, caked breasts, scalds, burns, salt rheum, earache, &c., upon the human frame, and of strains, spavin, galls, &c., upon animals in one year than have all other pretended remedies since the world began. They are counter-irritant, all-healing pain relievers. Cripples throw away their crutches, the lame walk, poisonous bites are rendered harmless and the wounded are healed without a scar. The recipe is published around each bottle. They sell as no articles ever before sold, and they sell because they do just what they pretend to do. Those who now suffer from rheumatism, pain or swelling deserve to suffer if they will not use Centaur Liniment, white wrapper. More than 1000 certificates of remarkable cures, including frozen limbs, chronic rheumatism, gout, running tumors, &c., have been received. We will send a circular containing certificates, the recipe, &c., gratis, to any one requesting it. One bottle of yellow wrapper Centaur Liniment is worth one hundred dollars for sweenied horses and mules, or for screw-worm in sheep. Stock-owners—these liniments are worth your attention. No family should be without them. "White wrapper for family use;" Yellow wrapper for animals. Sold by all Druggists. 50 cents per bottle; large bottles, $1.00. J. B. Rose & Co., 36 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only *safe* article in existence which is certain to assimilate the food, regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It contains neither minerals, morphine or alcohol and is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may rest. 1y18

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Wednesday, April 8.

At market for the current week—Cattle 3522; Sheep and Lambs 2,800; Swine 11,050; number of Western Cattle 3318. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 125. Eastern Cattle, 109.

Prices of Beef Cattle, per 100 lbs. live weight. Extra quality $7 50@7 75; first quality $6 75@7 25; second quality $6 00@6 50; third quality $5 00@6 00; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 75@4 25.

Brighton Hides—7 1-2c per lb. Brighton Tallow 5@5 1-2 per lb.

Country Hides—7 1-2c per lb. Country Tallow 4 1-2c per lb.

Calf Skins—16@18c per lb. Sheep Skins $1.75 each.

Working Oxen—We quote sales of 1 pr, 5th 7 ft 2 in, live weight 3200lbs, $220; 1 pr, 7 ft., live weight 2000 lbs, $160; 1 pr, 6 ft, live weight 2700 lbs, $120; 1 pr, 6 ft 6 in, live weight 3100 lbs, $155; 1 pr, 7 ft, 6 in, live weight 2500 lbs, $245; 1 pr, 6 ft, 9 in, live weight 2900 lbs, 175; 1 pr coarse ones, live weight 3500 lbs, 7 ft 6 in., $250.

Milch Cows and Stores—We quote extra at $55@60 ordinary $35@50 per head. Store Cows, Yearlings $11@17; 2-year olds $16@28; 3-year olds $18@45 per head.

Sheep and Lambs—Those from the West were all owned by butchers, and cost, delivered at Brighton, from 8@9 1-2c per lb.

Swine—Pigs, wholesale 7 1-2@8c; retail 8@9c lb. Fat Hogs—6 1-2 @ 3 4 lb.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Monday, April 13.

BUTTER—The market is quiet, and there is only a moderate demand. The receipts of new continue ample, and the prices have a downward tendency. Choice new butter is selling at 30@35 in wholesale lots, and it would be difficult to place a round lot at anything above 35c; medium and fair lots of old butter sell at 25@28c, but there is very little offering under 28c per lb of any description.

CHEESE—There is a moderate demand at 16@17c for fine factory; 14@15c for medium, and 11@12c for farm dairies.

EGGS—The market is firm and we quote Eastern at 18@19c, and Western at 16@16 1-2c per doz.

BEANS—There is no improvement to note, and the market is dull at $2 per burh for mediums; $2 25@2 60 for pea beans, and $3 25 for yellow eyes.

POTATOES—The market for potatoes rules steady and sales have been made at 90@95c per bush. for Jackson Whites and 95c@$1 for Early Rose. Onions are dull at $4 75@5 75 per bbl.

HAY—We quote prime hay at $25@26 per ton, and $19@20 per ton for medium. Straw at $22 per ton.

GRASS SEED—We quote Clover at 10@10 1-2c for Western, and 10 1-2@11c for New York seed; Herds Grass is not quite so strong, and prices range from $2 75@3 10per bush; Red Top is firm at $4 50per sack.

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

BELFAST, Wednesday, April 15, 1874.

Flour,	$9.00@13.00	Round Hog,	10@00
Corn Meal,	$1.00	Clear Salt Pork,	$19@20
Rye Meal,	$1.25@1.30	Mutton per lb.,	8@10
Rye,	$1.00@1.10	Lamb per lb.,	12@14
Corn,	$1.00	Turkey per lb.,	25@00
Barley,	1.25@1.40	Chicken per lb.,	17@20
Beans,	2.50@3.25	Duck per lb.,	15@18
Marrowfat Peas,	1.25@1.50	Geese per lb.,	13@15
Oats,	70@00	Hay per ton,	$13@15
Potatoes,	75@00	Lime,	$1.35@0.00
Dried Apples,	10@12	Washed Wool,	40@00
Cooking Apples,	00@00	Unwashed Wool,	30@00
Butter,	33@35	Pulled Wool,	40@00
Cheese,	18@20	Hides,	7@00
Eggs,	15@00	Calf Skins,	14@00
Lard,	12@00	Sheep Skins,	$1.00@2.00
Beef,	7@10	Hard Wood,	$5.00@7.00
Baldwin Apples,	2.00@2.25	Soft Wood,	$4.00@0.00
Veal,	8@9	Dry Pollock,	4 1-2@5
Dry Cod,	7@8	Straw	$8.00@10

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PAIN-KILLER.

1840. 1874.

Time Tests the Merits of all Things,

THIRTY YEARS is certainly long enough time to prove the efficacy of any medicine, and that the Pain-Killer is deserving of all its proprietors claim for it, is amply proved by the unparalleled popularity it has attained. It is a sure and effective remedy. It is sold in almost every country in the world, and it needs only to be known to be prized, and its reputation as a Medicine of Great Value, is fully and permanently established. It is the Great Family Medicine of the age. Taken internally, it cures Dysentry, Cholera, Diarrhœa, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painter's Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Sore Throat and Coughs. Taken Externally, it cures Bruises, Boils, Felons, Cuts, Burns, Scalds Old Sores and Sprains, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Chapped Hands, Frost Bitten Feet, &c.

Pain is supposed to be the lot of us poor mortals, as inevitable as death, and liable at any time to come upon us. Therefore, it is important that remedical agents should be at hand to be used on emergency, when we are made to feel the excruciating agony of pain, or the depressing influences of disease. Such a remedial exists in Perry Davis' "Pain Killer," the fame of which has extended over all the earth. Amid the eternal ices of the Polar regions, or beneath the intolerable and burning suns of the tropics its virtues are known and appreciated. And by it suffering humanity has found relief from many of its ills. The effect of the Pain-Killer upon the patient, when taken internally in case of Cough, Cold, Bowel Complaint, Cholera, Dysentery, and other affections of the system, has been truly wonderful, and has won for it a name among medical preparations that can never be forgotten. Its success in removing pain, as an external remedy, in cases of Burns, Bruises, Sores and Sprains, Cuts, Stings of Insects, &c., and other causes of suffering has secured for it the most prominent position among the medicines of the day. Beware of counterfeits and worthless imitations. Call for Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain-Killer, and take no other.

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DR. SCHENCK'S STANDARD REMEDIES.

The standard remedies for all diseases of the lungs are SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, and SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, and if taken before the lungs are destroyed, a speedy cure is effected.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivaled success in the treatment of pulmonary diseases.

The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs; nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, for when the phlegm or matter is ripe, a slight cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

To allow the Pulmonic Syrup to do this, Schenck's Mandrake Pills and Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic must be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver. Schenck's Mandrake Pills act on the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved.

Schenck's Sea-Weed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and alterative; the alkali of which it is composed mixes with the food and prevents souring. It assists the digestion, by toning up the stomach to a healthy condition, so that the food and Pulmonic Syrup will make good blood; then the lungs heal and the patient will surely get well if care is taken to prevent fresh cold.

Dr. Schenck can be consulted at the Quincy House, Boston, on Wednesday, Mar. 25th, Apr. 9th and 23d, May 14th and 27th.

Advice will be given free, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer, the charge is $5.00.

Schenck's Medicines are sold by all Druggists throughout the country.

Schenck's Almanac can be had of all Druggists, free. 1w36sp

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Boston, Dec. 12, 1869.

Gentlemen—My only object in giving you this testimonial is to spread valuable information. Having been badly afflicted with salt Rheum, and the whole surface of my skin being covered with pimples and eruptions, many of which caused me great pain and annoyance, and knowing it to be a blood disease, I took many of the advertised blood preparations, among which was any quantity of sarsaparilla without obtaining any benefit, until I commenced taking the VEGETINE, and before I had completed the first bottle, I saw that I had got the right medicine. Consequently I followed on with it until I had taken seven bottles, when I was pronounced a well man, and my skin is smooth and entirely free from pimples and eruptions. I have never enjoyed so good health before, and I attribute it all to the use of VEGETINE. To benefit those afflicted with Rheumatism, I will make mention also of the VEGETINE'S wonderful power of curing me of this acute complaint, of which I have suffered so intensely.

C. H. TUCKER, Pas. Agt. Mich. C. R. R.,
20 Tyler Street, Boston.

HAS ENTIRELY CURED ME.

Boston, October, 1870.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—My daughter after having a severe attack of whooping cough, was left in a feeble state of health, being advised by a friend, she tried the VEGETINE, and after using a few bottles, was fully restored to health.

I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. I have taken several bottles of the VEGETINE for this complaint, and am happy to say it has entirely cured me. I have recommended the VEGETINE to others, with the same good results. It is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood, it is pleasant to take, and I can cheerfully recommend it.

JAMES MORSE, 761 Athens Street.

NO TROUBLE SINCE USING

VEGETINE!

Charlestown, October, 1870.

This certifies that my daughter has always been troubled with a tumor, which has caused a frequent swelling on her face and about her eyes. Physicians called it the Erysipelas, but after having taken two bottles of the VEGETINE, has not been troubled with it since. SIMON ALDRICH,
Charlestown, Mass.

Dr. R. S. Sayer: "It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the diseases for which the VEGETINE should be used. I know of no disease which will not admit of its use with good results. Almost innumerable complaints are caused by poisonous secretions in the blood, which can be entirely expelled from the system by the use of VEGETINE. When the blood is perfectly cleansed, the disease rapidly yields; all pains cease, healthy action is promptly restored, and the patient is cured."

The remarkable cures effected by VEGETINE, have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families.

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To all persons suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps in the limbs or stomach, Bilious Colic, Pain in the back, bowels or side, we would say, THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and FAMILY LINIMENT is of all others the remedy you want for internal and external use. It has cured the above complaints in thousands of cases. There is no mistake about it. Try it. Sold by all Druggists. 1ysp32

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THE "SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION," a Medical Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Exhausted Vitality Premature Decline in Man, Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Impotency, Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, and all other diseases arising from the errors of youth or the indiscretions or excesses of mature years. This is indeed a book for every man. Thousands have been taught by this work the true way to health and happiness. It is the cheapest and best medical work ever published, and the only one on this class of ills worth reading. 190th edition, payload, much enlarged, illustrated, bound in beautiful French cloth. Price only $1. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. Address PEABODY ME

"Curfew Must Not Ring To-night."

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke the husky whisper,—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart;
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew—Basil Underwood *must die*."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying "Curfew *shall not* ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew *shall not* ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang out young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating.—"*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swinging, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done,
Should be told long ages after,—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity.—lit his eye with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives," cried Cromwell: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Earth's Angels.

BY JULIA WALLACE.

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth as in the days of old.—
The time of ancient writ and sacred story?
Heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed, when sunset clouds receding
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding,
Along the confines of the glowing sky.

To Bethlehem's air was their lost anthem given,
When other stars before the One grew dim;
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison?
Or when exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

No! earth *has* angels though their forms are moulded,
But of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,—
Their's was the soft tone and the soundless tread;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood "between the living and the dead."

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,—
In crowded halls,—by the lone widow's hearth;
And when they passed, the fallen have uprisen,—
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

"I DON'T CARE IF I DO." In olden time, before the Maine Laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well-stocked bar furnished "accommodations to man and beast." He was a good landlord, but dreadful deaf. Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer, and Fish was lounging before the fire with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanter, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveler from the South, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance, going up to the counter he said:

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" said the ready landlord, jumping up; "yes, sir, I have some;" at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," said the stranger; "I asked how far it was to *Brandon*."

"They call it pretty good brandy," says Wing. "Will you take sugar with it?" reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and toddy-stick.

The despairing traveler turned to Fish.

"The landlord," said he, "seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish, "I don't care if I do take a drink with you."

The stranger treated, and fled.

DRIED POTATOES. It is said that lately a trade has been developed among some Rochester shippers, about which but little is known. It is the trade of dried potatoes.—Potatoes are sliced up and dried in much the same manner as dried apples. One firm in that city has an order on hand now for 50,000 pounds of these dried potatoes, as well as for 1500 bushels of onions, which are dried in much the same manner. They are intended for the navy. A bushel of potatoes dries away to about ten pounds, and a bushel of onions to about six pounds. When ready they are put into large tin cans holding about forty pounds each, and sealed up the same as oysters.

It is said that the British government is anxious to be properly represented at our centennial celebration, and is only awaiting definite action on the part of our government to know whether the exhibition and celebration is to be international or merely national. As soon as this question is settled the British government will not only accept the invitation, but will make extensive preparations for a representation. Prominent Englishmen laugh at the idea of their government feeling any hesitancy about participating in the celebration of the American independence on account of the separation of the colonies from Great Britain.

The Springfield Republican sums up the prospect for the Senatorial election, as follows: "Judge Hoar's election may be said to be out of the question; Mr. Dawes' is not very probable. It seems more and more likely that a third man, either Mr. Adams as an independent outside choice, or some person of much lower grade from within the ranks of the Republican party, will finally be agreed upon as a compromise candidate."

Yokohama and the Japanese.

The streets of Yokohama are wide and straight. Each house is built of wood, without an atom of paint, and is a real toy-house, a genuine Lilliputian Swiss chalet, built with a taste, a nicety, and a neatness which are admirable. The Japanese are wonderful workers in wood, and it is a pleasure to see the roofs, so light and yet so strong, supported by walls which are made, like the side-scenes in a theatre, of thin strips of wood, over which are pasted sheets of cottony, transparent paper. In the evening, when the lanterns dispense their soft light round the inside of these white buildings, the spectator seems to be looking at a magic-lantern. During the day time the sides of the houses are slipped out, as side-scenes are, and the houses becomes only a roof resting on the four light corner posts, the whole interior being thus opened to the air. Every part of the house is exposed to view, and everything done in it can be seen, while behind it appear the charming verdure, the cascades, and the diminutive plantations of the little gardens situated in the rear.

The great luxury of the Japanese consists in their mats made of plaited straw. They are perfectly rectangular in shape, about three inches thick, and soft to the touch. They are never stepped on with shoes, since the Japanese go about their houses always barefooted. Of furniture they have next to nothing; a small furnace in one corner, a closet made of side-scenes like the side of the house, and intended to contain the mattresses, a small set of shelves, on which are arranged the lacquered plates for rice and fish—this is all the furnishing for these houses, in which they live, as it were, in the open air. In the middle of each house are two articles of general use among all classes—the "hibat" and the "tobacco-box," that is, a brazier and the box for tobacco. Being great tea-drinkers, great smokers, and great talkers, the Japanese pass their days around the brazier; there they can be seen, in groups of seven or eight, seated on their heels around the tea-kettle.

In every shop our travelers visited, they were received with a distinction and politeness which surpassed even the proverbial manners of their native country. In walking through the city they passed through the street of baths. In Japan, where everyone lives, as it were, in public, the costume of our first parents in no way shocks the sentiments of the people, who, in this matter, may be considered as still in the Golden Age. This street is filled with bath-houses to which the population resort, many of them twice or thrice a day. Here all sexes, ages, and conditions mingle, fifty to sixty at a time in each bath-house. The passer-by sees them crouched down, or dancing on an inclined plane, surrounded by pyramids of small tubs made of copper and filled with hot water. Here they sprinkle and soap each other. Attracted by the sight of the travelers they come to ask "the noble strangers" politely for a cigarette.

A woman seller of dry goods invited the party to enter her shop and seat themselves upon the mats. This was for her a great honor, and as the party entered, she saluted them by bowing until her forehead touched the floor, then offered them tea in small cups, she brought out tobacco for their pipes, and presented lighted coals held between two chop-sticks. "I cannot hope," writes the court, "to express to you all the elegance of this woman of the people in her slightest movements; her features expressed the most simple womanly amiability as her habitual condition. Well, in whatever house you may enter, you will be treated with the same distinction; we were almost stupefied to find it, and confess that this people can rightly call us barbarians. I have not seen a single fight or dispute in the streets; all the men, in saluting each other with profound bows, wear a smile upon their lips; and when we desire to appear amiable, we are awkward and ill-bred, in comparison with these Japanese, who are gracious without thinking of being so. Among them a man who gives way to his anger, or shows it in his tone or words, is avoided by his kind as unfit for society. Thus, when at first our plenipotentiaries in the diplomatic conferences became animated, the Japanese said, 'Let us put off this matter for another day; we cannot treat with those who are not masters of themselves.'" [Lippincott's Magazine.

While the women are busily engaged in thinning out the wine-drinkers, the California wine-growers are actively engaged in pruning their vines under the impression that there will be an unprecedented demand for this season's product.

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FREE sample bottle of Adamson's Botanic Balsam at all drug-stores. Pleasant, and an unfailing remedy for Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Lung Complaints, &c. Large bottles, 35 cts. Dr. F. W. KINSMAN, Proprietor, Augusta, Maine. $5000 for a case it will not cure! Try it.

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FRED ATWOOD, WINTERPORT, MAINE., Importer and Breeder of the leading varieties of

Pure Bred Fowls

"Stock selected with care regardless of Expence." Now Booking orders for Eggs for early delivery. Eggs $3.00 per Doz. Cash to accompany order. A few Fowls to spare. Price according to quality. 1f37

Belfast Savings Bank.

NOW IS THE TIME TO DEPOSIT

"A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned."

DEPOSITS made on or before the 1st of any month, will be placed upon interest every month, (except May and November) and the interest computed upon the same in June and December. Deposits received daily at the Banking Room, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. Saturdays from 9 to 12 A. M. JOHN H. QUIMBY, Treas. ASA FAUNCE, Pres't. Belfast, July 15, 1870.

New Firm.

GATES & STICKNEY dealers in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, STOCK & FINDINGS, respectfully announce to the citizens of Belfast and vicinity that they are now prepared to give as good bargains in the above as can be had in the city, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of your patronage. Gent's calf boots, sewed or pegged, made to order on short notice. Repairing neatly and promptly done. No. 28, CUSTOM HOUSE SQUARE. (Under Journal Office.) J. C. GATES, Jr., E. L. STICKNEY. Belfast, May 27, 1873.

GEO. T. READ, MACHINIST.

(Successor to Venner & Walker.)

No. 46 Main St., Over Conant's Store

Sewing Machines, Guns, Pistols, Locks, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., Repaired. He keeps on hand all parts of Sewing Machines, Shuttles, Bobbins, screw-drivers, Needles, &c. Also all kinds of keys for locks.

A. A. HURD & CO.,

Successors to Magee & Hurd, Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Plain and Fancy Confectionery, Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars, Tobacco, Wrapping Paper, Twine, Sugar and Molasses Corn Candy, Corn Candy, Cocoanuts, &c., &c. Corner MAIN and CROSS Streets, Belfast, Maine, beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they are now prepared to wait upon them at short notice. All orders by mail promptly attended to. A. A. HURD. 1f31 J. W. COOMBS.

S. A. RENDELL.

DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin Ware, Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

Plows, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead. Fancy Goods, Holiday Goods, Clocks, &c.; Recently burned out, has started again with a new and complete stock, in Western Corner Store, upper side of Main St., Stockton, Me. Prices as LOW as the LOWEST. Repairing done at Sight. 6m32

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

GENERAL RENOVATION AND NEW FURNISHING.

The subscriber informs his old friends and the public that he has resumed the management of the American House, and that he will proceed at once to renovate it from top to bottom and refurnish it with entirely new furniture, and in all respects make it one of the best hotels in the State. Having had long experience in the hotel business, he flatters himself that travellers and guests who patronize the American House will find a good table, good rooms and attentive waiters. H. N. LANCASTER. Belfast, Nov. 26, 1873. 22tf

Freedom Notice.

THIS is to certify that I have this day given my son Edward McAllister his time, to act and trade for himself, and I shall claim no wages, nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date. DAVID B. McALLISTER. Witness, WILLIAM BERRY. Burnham, March 27, 1874. 3w39

Just Arrived & for Sale!

—:o:—

Two Car load of HORSES from Illinois, by I. B. Hartman, and one Car load from Kentucky by F. D. Dole and I. T. Southern. An assorted lot. Drivers and heavy work Horses at 35 West Dedham Street, BOSTON. 1f28

GRAND BALL!

—AT—

HAYFORD HALL

BELFAST.

Wednesday Evening, June 17, 1874.

—:o:—

MUSIC BY

WHITTEN'S ORCHESTRA

EIGHT PIECES.

—:o:—

THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHT

PRESENTS!

VALUED AT

$3,000.00

Will be distributed among the holders of tickets to said Ball on the day above named, consisting of A nice House and Lot, Elegant Chamber Sets, Parlor Organs, Family Sewing Machines, a Ladies' and Gents' Gold Watch, Decorated Toilet Sets, Silver Butter Dishes, Mattresses, Splendid Chromos in Walnut Frames, Corner Brackets, Sets of Knives and Forks, Fancy Kerosene Lamps, Silver Napkin Rings, Silver Fruit Knives, Silver Ladles, Fancy Lava Flower Pots, Parlor Spittoons, Glass Sets, Bohemian China and Fancy Vases, Walnut Picture Frames and CASH.

A full list of the PRESENTS will be found on the Tickets.

☞The House and one half acre lot to be given away is pleasantly situated at the HEAD of the TIDE VILLAGE, North Belfast, 3-4 of a mile from City Point Depot,—is one and a half story 22x42,—Ell, 18x30, contains ten rooms, is perfectly sound and in good order, recently painted and is suitable for two families. There is a good well of water on the premises; also, about 15 Apple Trees. A good title will be given. Distribution of Presents will commence at 8 o'clock, a. m. Wednesday, June 17, those entitled to GIFTS who are not present at the distribution will be duly notified.

A correct register of the number of the ticket, and the name and residence of the holder will be kept. Those out of town who wish for tickets can obtain them by addressing

FRANCIS J. HUNTER & CO. Belfast, Maine.

Tickets $1.00 each. For sale at M. P. WOODCOCK'S Book Store. 3mos37

BELFAST FOUNDRY CO.

General Foundry & Machinists

The Manager of this establishment announces to its customers and the public that since the fire he has leased and fitted up the Wilder Foundry, at the Head of the Tide, Belfast, and is supplying it with superior tools of every description, Lathes, Planers, &c., and is

Prepared to Fill all Orders

with promptness and to turn out FIRST CLASS WORK.

Mr. Abbott, Mr. Chase, and all the well known supervisors and workmen of the establishment, will be found at the new place, ready to wait upon customers.

Manager's office in Phenix Row, over Geo. F. White's store.

We are prepared to do jig sawing and wood turning, in any amount and style. Having just put on some new and expensive tools for the purpose, we can now execute iron planing to 26 inches, and turn shafting up to 16 feet length.

Orders left at the office over Geo. F. White's, Phenix Row, will meet with prompt attention.

W. W. CASTLE, President & Manager. ISAAC C. ABBOTT, Sec'y & Superintendent. Belfast, Sept. 22, 1873. 1tf42

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

Patent Medicine

PURE DRUGS and CHEMICALS, FANCY GOODS, CHOICE CIGARS, SPONGES, &C., —IS AT—

R. H. MOODY'S

Cor. Main and High Streets. Who has also a large assortment of TRUSSES and SUPPORTERS, All of which he offers very cheap for cash. Please call and examine before purching elsewhere. ☞Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded

DENTISTRY!

DR. G. P. LOMBARD, Successor to Dr. C. MOORE.

May still be found at the old stand of Dr. Moore, corner of Church and Spring Streets. Has all the latest improved instruments for operating upon teeth, including MORRISON'S DENTAL ENGINE! by which the process is rendered much less painful and tedious than by the old methods. Teeth inserted on Rubber or Celluloid Base, as persons prefer. He has the country right for the use of Dr. Folsom's Improved Dental Plates. Particular attention given to making and inserting artificial teeth. tf16

Mortgagee's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, G. H. Lodge, the mortgagee named in a certain mortgage of the following described land from Wm. R. Perkins to me, dated February 16th, 1872, by virtue of a power of Attorney contained in said mortgage, shall sell at public auction at the Post Office at Prospect Ferry, in the town of Prospect, in the County of Waldo, on the twenty-third day of April next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the real estate, situated in said Prospect, described in said mortgage, and bounded as follows, to wit: a certain tract of land situated in said Prospect and known as the "Chase Reservation," together with a piece of land in said Prospect, bounded on the East by the Penobscot River, on the North by land now or formerly of Augustus Pierce, West by the highway, and South by land now or formerly of the Waldo County Granite Company, containing eighteen acres more or less, together with a right to build a wharf, or any portion thereof, on land now or formerly of said Pierce, adjoining the Northerly and Easterly part of said premises, with the exclusive right to use the same. The above real estate being the same described and embraced in said mortgage, recorded in Waldo County Registry of Deeds, Book 156, Page 165, reference thereto being had.

Dated at Wiscasset, March 24th, A. D. 1874.

G. H. LODGE, Mortgagee. By his Attorney, HENRY INGOLLS. 3w39

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE AT AUCTION

THE undersigned, having decided to move out West, will sell at Public Auction, on the premises,

Thursday, Apr. 16, 1874,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.

His valuable Farm, situated in the town of Knox, about a mile from East Knox Post Office, and eleven miles from Belfast City. The homestead contains about 100 acres, with a house convenient for a large family, and barn room enough for seventy five tons of hay. He will also sell his 50 acre lot situated about a mile and a half from the home farm. About half of this lot is *interval* land, cutting 20 to 25 tons of good stock hay, the balance being in second-growth wood. Both the homestead and the "out lot" are well watered, and, taken together, are well adapted to the raising of stock. A part of the purchase money may remain on mortgage if required.

After the sale of the Farm, the Stock and Farming tools will be sold at Public or Private Sale. For further particulars, before the time of sale, address the undersigned at Bangor, Maine. H. H. SHERMAN. 6w3

JOHN LUCAS & CO'S CELEBRATED

GREEN PAINT!

THREE SHADES.

SWISS GREEN, LIGHTEST AND most brilliant in the market. *LIGHT IMPERIAL FRENCH GREEN, MEDIUM IMPERIAL FRENCH GREEN* THEY HAVE NO EQUAL For brilliancy of color, covering properties, fineness and durability. Dealers and Consumers should use no other. For sale by dealers generally, and at wholesale by J. PORTER & CO., Sole Agents for New England, 35 India Street, Boston. 3mos33 Manufacturers & Dealers in Paints, Oils & Varnishes.

FOR GALVANIZED

WIRE RIGGING FOR VESSELS

Builders, Owners and Riggers should address

JNO. ROEBLING'S SONS,

Manufacturers, Trenton, N. J., or 117 Liberty street, New York.

The Charcoal Wire Rigging made by the Messrs. Roeblings, is guaranteed superior to any other make. 6mos28

DR. FLINT'S

QUAKER BITTERS

These celebrated Bitters are composed of choice Roots, Herbs, and Barks, among which are Gentian, Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, Juniper, and other berries, and are so prepared as to retain all their medicinal qualities. They invariably cure or greatly relieve the following complaints: Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Bilious Attacks, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Ague, Cold Chills, Rheumatism, Summer Complaints, Piles, Kidney Diseases, Female Difficulties, Lassitude, Low Spirits, General Debility, *and, in fact, everything caused by an impure state of the Blood or deranged condition of Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys. The aged find in the Quaker Bitters a gentle, soothing stimulant, so desirable in their declining years. No one can remain long unwell (unless afflicted with an incurable disease) after taking a few bottles of the Quaker Bitters.*

Prepared by Dr. H. S. Flint & Co. At their Great Medical Depot, PROVIDENCE, R. I. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

AYER'S

Hair Vigor!

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY & COLOR

Advancing years, sickness, care, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition, all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by long and extensive use, has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately, often renews the growth, and always surely restores its color, when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthy activity, and preserves both the hair and its beauty. Thus brashy, weak or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable and strengthened; lost hair regrows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and stablished; thin hair thickens, and faded or gray hair resume their original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the scalp cool, clean and soft—under which conditions, diseases of the scalp are impossible.

As a dressing for ladies' hair, the VIGOR is praised for its grateful and agreeable perfume, and valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

L. D. SINE'S

GIFT ENTERPRISE

The only Reliable Gift Distribution in the Country!

$60,000

IN VALUABLE GIFTS! TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN L. D. SINE'S 166th REGULAR MONTHLY

GIFT ENTERPRISE!

To be drawn Monday, May 4th, 1874. TWO GRAND CAPITALS OF $5,000 each in Greenbacks!

Two Prizes $1000 — Five Prizes $500 — Ten Prizes $100 — GREENBACKS

1 Horse and Buggy, with Silver mounted Harness, worth $600. One Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, worth $600. Ten Family Sewing Machines, worth $100 each. Five Gold Watches and Chains, worth $200 each. Five Gold American Hunting Watches, worth $125 each. Ten Ladies' Gold Hunting Watches, worth $100 each. $800 *Gold and Silver Level Heading Watches, the only watch ever sold for a dollar.* Gold Chains, Silver ware, Jewelry, &c., &c.

Number of Gifts 6,500! Tickets limited to 60,000!

AGENTS WANTED to SELL TICKETS to whom Liberal Premiums will be paid.

Single Tickets $1.00; Six Tickets $5.00; Twelve Tickets $10.00; Twenty-five Tickets $20.00.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of distributing and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to MAIN OFFICE, L. D. SINE, Box 86, 101 W. Fifth St. Cincinnati, O.

STATEMENT OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE

Manhatten Fire In. Co.,

OF NEW YORK CITY. JANUARY 1st, 1874.

Capital, - - - -	$250,000 00
Surplus, - - - -	336,450 56
	$586,450 56

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages, (First Mortgages)	$14,[illegible]
U. S. Bonds, &c.	91,[illegible]
Brooklyn City Bonds,	7,000 00
South Carolina Bond,	1,[illegible]
Bills Receivable,	6,314 27
Call Loans,	[illegible]
Cash in Bank,	$1,159 13
Interest,	[illegible]
Unpaid Premiums,	5,[illegible]
Salvages,	2,700 00
	$586,450 56

Liabilities, $35,000 00.

COX & FIELD, Agents, Belfast.

U. S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE, PORTLAND, March 31, 1874.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss:

THIS is to give Notice: That on the 30th day of March, A. D. 1874, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the joint and separate Estate of Isaac C. Nesmith and Thaddeus L. Buxford, of Brooks, in the County of Waldo, and State of Maine, who have been adjudged Bankrupts on their own Petition filed in the District Court for said District. March 30th, A. D. 1874, that the payment of any debts, and delivery of any property belonging to said Bankrupts, to them, or for their use, and the transfer of any property by them, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the Creditors of the said Bankrupts, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more Assignees of their Estates, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy to be holden at Belfast Custom House, before Charles Hamlin, Esq., Register, on the 27th day of April, A. D. 1874, at 11 o'clock A. M. S. S. MARBLE, U. S. Marshal, a Messenger, for said District.

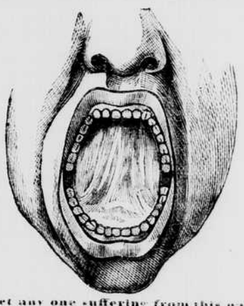
U. S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE, PORTLAND, March 31, 1874.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss:

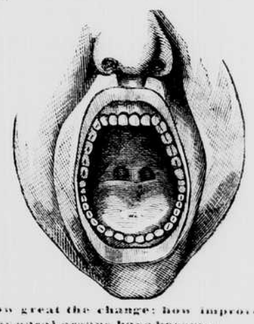
THIS is to give Notice: That on the 30th day of March, A. D. 1874, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the Estate of Joseph Jackson, of Prospect, in the County of Waldo, and State of Maine, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt on his own Petition filed in the District Court for said District, October 15th, A. D. 1873, that the payment of any debts, and delivery of any property belonging to said Bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the Creditors of the said Bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more Assignees of his Estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy to be holden at Custom House in Belfast, before Charles Hamlin, Esq., Register, on the 23d day of April, A. D. 1874, at 10 o'clock A. M. S. S. MARBLE, U. S. Marshal, a Messenger, for said District.

CATARRH! CATARRH!

Behold It as It Is.



Let any one suffering from this nasty and foul disease look at the above picture of his nasal organs. A short trial of the remedy, RÆDER'S GERMAN SNUFF will soon convince you of its wonderful merit in curing this vile disorder: in fact you will be cured, and then, and not till then, will you look like the following:



How great the change: how improved your nasal organs have become. Remember that as a Preventative you must always have a Box of RÆDER'S GERMAN SNUFF which will by its use PREVENT disease and save hundreds of dollars. Do not take any other preparation but be sure to obtain the above. Price 35 cents. For sale by RICHARD H MOODY, Corner Main & High streets Belfast. 6m29

Iron in the Blood

PERUVIAN AN IRON TONIC SYRUP

MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

*The Peruvian Syrup, a Protected Solution of the Protoxide of Iron, is so combined as to have the